

THE LONDON READER

of Literature, Science, Art, and General Information.

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[REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

No. 775—VOL. XXX.]

FOR THE WEEK ENDING MARCH 9, 1878.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[EVERIL'S REMINDER.]

SINNED AGAINST: NOT SINNING.

CHAPTER XII.

None without hope e'er loved the brightest fair,
But love can hope where reason would despair.
LORD LYTLETON.

SIR PERCIVAL ROSMORE was no fool in anything, save that he wished to become the husband of (and the one object in life to) a young and beautiful girl.

These aspirations not unfrequently find a dwelling-place in the breasts of elderly gentlemen, and Sir Percival Rosmore was no exception to the general rule.

No exception to it, save that he had brought a certain amount of common sense to bear upon the situation.

He knew he was not young—not the man to be accounted "a young girl's fancy," and he determined to trust to something more substantial than his mere personnel for ingratiating himself into Everil's favour.

He had well weighed all the circumstances. Here was a young and beautiful girl whom he was ready and willing to make his wife, and who had sat during the drive from the railway station with an expression of mingled cold scorn and proud misery upon her lovely face.

Not even a smile of greeting had she given him, for such could not be deemed the faint, well-bred flicker which hovered around her lips as she bent her beautiful head.

Sir Percival had noted all this; therefore, as he sat in his dressing-room before dinner, he resolved to apply to Everil's case his universal panacea for woman's frowns—namely, diamonds!

In all his experience with womankind—and it had been large and varied—he had never known diamonds, judiciously applied, to have other than the desired effect.

Sir Percival had brought with him to Pendleton Hall a magnificent suite of these gems, which he had intended giving to Everil as a betrothal present, and he wavered in his mind as to whether it might not be as well to propitiate her with the gift at once.

But there! The first dinner-bell rang, and he now could have no opportunity of seeing Lady Pendleton before dinner, and through her alone, he felt, the offering must be made.

And there was yet another reason why he wavered.

Whisper it softly, for there are strange echoes in old halls!

This other reason was a sound and common-sense, but somewhat ignoble one in the opinion of many—namely, the diamonds were worth a good deal of money, and Sir Percival Rosmore wavered in his mind as to whether or not he would risk them before he was, in some degree, sure of the lady's favour.

These were his thoughts as he descended the stairs and entered the drawing-room, where he found Lady Pendleton already awaiting him. The old lady was in a juvenile costume of unwonted splendour, her wig dressed to perfection, and natural flowers in her hair (?)

"Ah, Sir Percival!" she exclaimed, with effusion, "I am so glad to have an opportunity

of speaking to you alone before my granddaughter comes in."

"I am always at your service, Lady Pendleton," replied Sir Percival, bowing. "Had you sent for me I should have come down earlier."

"No, my dear Sir Percival—no! Only just one word. I wished to tell you that since writing to you I have had a conversation with my granddaughter, and I am glad to say she is fully sensible of the honour you have done her by proposing for her hand."

Sir Percival again bowed, in a manner worthy of La Grande Monarque.

He thought Everil had looked anything but delighted at the honour. But he kept these sentiments to himself, and merely said:

"You are very good, Lady Pendleton, to take so much trouble on my account."

"Pray, Sir Percival, don't speak about that!" exclaimed Lady Pendleton, producing a richly-laced, cobweb-like pocket-handkerchief, with which she made a pretence of wiping a tear from her eye.

This was a feat which it required some dexterity upon her part to perform well, because of the rouge upon her cheeks and the paint around her eyes.

Nevertheless, "custom had made of it a property of easiness" and the old lady cleverly managed so as not to in any way compromise her complexion.

"You see, my dear Sir Percival," continued Lady Pendleton, "my sweet Everil has never known a mother's care. I have been everything—everything," she repeated, emphatically, "to the girl! And why should I not have been so?" At this moment the old lady threw up her eyes and gazed at the chandelier. "For was not her

mother my favourite child—the daughter that it almost broke my heart to lose? But when I knew it was for her happiness of course I beat down all my mother's feelings, and I said, 'Go, my child! Go! go! and be happy.'

And Lady Pendleton, as she concluded, hastily wiped away the tear she had conjured up, lest it might leave traces which might be too palpable evidence of its path down her face.

But Lady Pendleton had a larger audience of that last speech than she bargained for.

Attired in a soft clinging dress of pure white Indian muslin Everil had descended the stairs. Her grandmother's voice was clear, high, and shrill, and without in the least intending to listen Everil could not avoid, as she crossed the hall, hearing what Lady Pendleton had said, for the drawing-room door stood wide open.

Just as Lady Pendleton had concluded Everil entered the room.

Her haughty head was carried with a stag-like grace, her brilliant eyes flashed, and an exquisite flush overspread her sweet face.

Never had Sir Percival seen her look so lovely, and as he gazed at her he mentally decided that it was almost worth while risking the diamonds.

Having heard her grandmother's speech, Everil not unnaturally contrasted it with what Lady Pendleton had told her of her mother's disgrace.

The latter had deeply rankled in the girl's breast, and she was only too glad to have a chance of disproving Lady Pendleton's words out of her own mouth.

But before she had time to make even the slightest remark Sir Percival said:

"Well, Miss Vane, I trust you feel refreshed after your drive?"

"Quite refreshed, thank you," very coldly spoken.

Somehow or other Everil felt that at that moment she was powerless to say anything upon the subject nearest to her heart.

She retired to the farther corner of the drawing-room, notwithstanding the warning and basilic glance which her grandmother shot towards her.

However, Sir Percival had no idea of being set aside in that manner.

He followed his innamorata, and, despite her monosyllabic replies, persisted in talking to her.

"I believe you have some very beautiful wooded chimes in your neighbourhood, have you not?" inquired Sir Percival, as he noticed the girl's eyes fixed wistfully upon the landscape.

"Yes, I believe they are considered so," without taking her gaze from the distant treetops, which she knew bordered the river-path.

"Everil will take you to-morrow and show you Lynwood Chine," interposed Lady Pendleton. "It will be a nice walk for you after breakfast."

"I am sure I shall be only too pleased—that is if Miss Vane has no objection to be my guide."

Everil merely bent her head, but her grandmother replied for her.

"She will be only too pleased, Sir Percival," interposed Lady Pendleton.

"Dinner, my lady!"

Sir Percival gave his arm to Lady Pendleton, and they proceeded to the dining-room. Everil was silent during the whole of the dinner, although Lady Pendleton did her best to try and draw her into the conversation.

But it was labour lost, for Everil's persistent monosyllabic replies were all that could be drawn from her.

Lady Pendleton was in a towering rage when she found herself alone in the drawing-room with Everil after dinner.

She waited until the footman had left the room after bringing the coffee, and then poured forth the riches of her wrath upon the devoted head of her granddaughter.

"I tell you," she exclaimed, "that you must not give yourself any of those airs of reticence. You must make yourself agreeable to Sir Percival."

"I cannot see that it is at all necessary for me

to do so," was the calm reply, as Everil toyed with her gold coffee spoon, and gazed meditatively at the preposterous little Cupid which formed the handle.

"Not necessary for you to do so?" ejaculated the old lady. "Not necessary! How do you make that out?"

"I do not consider it necessary for me to take the trouble to conciliate Sir Percival," said Everil. "I have told you—and I presume you have conveyed my sentiments to him—that my feelings are not in any way involved. You have arranged the matter—pray do all the love-making also."

"You ungrateful girl," exclaimed Lady Pendleton, becoming pale even through her rouge, her whole frame quivering with rage.

"There, grandmother," interrupted Everil, standing up, and laying down her coffee cup. "Let us drop the subject, it is not pleasant. There is just one thing I wish to speak to you about. I unintentionally overheard the affectionate speech you made to Sir Percival about myself and my mother. May I ask if you have told him the story you told me?"

"What story?"

"About my mother's career—about what you have called her—disgrace and mine?"

The girl stood proudly erect, with a calm, defiant look in her lovely, scornful eyes. Lady Pendleton's rage vanished, and in its stead she was palpably overwhelmed with dire dismay.

"No! no!" she vehemently asseverated, "and he must not hear a word of it! It would ruin all your chances, perhaps. You must not let him even get a hint of anything I have told you. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, grandmother, I hear you, and I also hear Sir Percival coming up to the drawing-room, therefore I shall leave you alone with him, and take my advice, and tell him all you have told me."

So saying she stepped out through the open window and wandered down through the trees. Sir Percival would have liked to have followed her as he watched her graceful figure, which was thrown up in relief by the dark background of evergreens.

But the old lady was too wary for him. She did not want him to have any conversation with Everil whilst the girl was in her present state of mind, so she proposed they should have a game of cribbage.

There was nothing for it but for Sir Percival to acquiesce.

They played and talked platitudes until Everil again made her appearance at the open French window, and said:

"Sir Percival, I hope you will not forget that you are engaged to come for a walk with me after breakfast to-morrow morning."

CHAPTER XIII.

Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together.

SIR PERCIVAL was agreeably surprised at Everil's unwonted graciousness, but not so Lady Pendleton.

The old lady had her misgivings.

What if Everil were to tell to Sir Percival the story which she had told her?

Her ladyship was in a dilemma, but she trusted to fate to pull her through triumphantly.

"I don't think you have ever heard my granddaughter sing?" said Lady Pendleton, interrogatively, addressing Sir Percival.

"No, that is a pleasure yet in store for me."

"Everil, will you sing something for Sir Percival?" asked Lady Pendleton.

The girl sat down to the piano and idly ran her fingers over the keys.

Sir Percival had a true taste for music, and thoroughly appreciated it.

Everil's firm, masterful touch charmed him, and he sat listening—entranced—whilst she sang that sweetest of melodies, "Kathleen Mavourneen."

Her fingers strayed over the keys when she

had finished, and Sir Percival pleaded for another song.

She complied, singing song after song, her magnificent voice filling the whole room:

Her heart was in the song;
It trembled in the measure,
And it touched the music all along
With a vague, sweet pleasure.

Everil almost forgot her listeners, so absorbed was she with her music.

Gushes of full-voiced sweetness issued from her lips, and at length she wound up by singing an old Border ballad:

Win ye come back to me, Douglas?
Win ye come back to me noo?
I'll be so loving and leal, Douglas,
Douglas! Douglas! Tender and true;
Never a word shall roughly wound you,
I'll smile as sweet as angels do,
So, win ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
Douglas! Douglas! Tender and true.

The passionate pleading which rang in her tones affected her two listeners in various ways.

Lady Pendleton had sufficient penetration to suspect that thoughts of Leopold Ormiston inspired Everil to sing thus soulfully.

On the other hand Sir Percival was more than agreeably surprised at the discovery of this God-given gift of song in the woman he decided to honour with his hand.

There was a dead silence in the room as she concluded, broken at length by Lady Pendleton saying:

"Now, sing something less doleful, Everil."
"None of my songs are at all lively," she replied, rising from the instrument.

"Pray, Miss Vane," exclaimed Sir Percival, "may I ask for just one more song?"

Without saying anything Everil re-seated herself at the piano.

She was in a mood to sit there and sing for hours to come provided she were allowed to sing the songs she cared for.

A numbing, despairing longing to see Leopold Ormiston once more had taken possession of her, and she sang a song, selecting it almost unconsciously, the refrain of which ran thus:

Oh, my love, and my own love,
And my love that I loved so!
Is there never a chink in the world above
Where they listen for words from below?
I spoke once, and I grieved these sore,
I remember all that I said,
And now thou wilt hear me no more, no more,
Till the sea gives up its dead.

There was a great sob in her voice as she concluded.

The grand piano at which she was seated was placed so that she was right in view of the French windows now closed.

Everil raised her eyes as she rose from the instrument and saw—a face at the window.

Her mind was filled with the vision of Leopold Ormiston.

Was it that made her fancy that it was his face she saw, or did she see it in reality? Everil turned as pale as death, and with a low cry she sank upon the floor.

The next morning, however, she was up betimes, and after breakfast set off with Sir Percival Rossmore for the pre-arranged visit to Lynwood Chine.

Everil looked very lovely in her pretty cream-coloured, cambric dress, with its shower of cardinal red bows, looking as though a flight of bright butterflies had alighted upon it by chance.

Her burnished hair billowed in massy, fuzzy coils beneath her coquettish little straw hat, whilst her eyes flashed with a suppressed emotion which she strove to conceal.

"Sir Percival," she began, nervously, as they entered the path leading to the famed Lynwood Chine.

"Yes, Miss Vane," he replied, looking at his lovely companion with undisguised admiration.

His gaze a little disconcerted her; but she had come there for an especial purpose, so, summoning up all her resolution, she continued, with an assumption of calmness which she was far from feeling:

"I have asked you to come here with me, Sir Percival, because I wish to speak to you upon an important matter."

Here she hesitated, scarcely knowing how to proceed.

"I am very happy to obey your commands now and always," he exclaimed, gallantly; "any subject that is of interest to you must naturally be of the greatest interest and importance to me."

"You are very good to say so."

Somehow or other Everil found it very difficult to say what it seemed so easy to express, before she attempted to do so.

"Pardon me," said Sir Percival, "I am only doing the very thing which coincides most with my wishes. I have no desire in life but to make you happy. I presume—"

Here even Sir Percival looked as though he were not quite sure of what he ought to say.

"I presume," he repeated, "that Lady Pendleton has told you of my hopes with reference to you?"

They were walking through the deep, narrow chine, with the steep fern-clad hills rising at either side.

The overhanging trees at the top cast a grateful shade, and the inviolable stillness which reigned around was surely a propitious element wherein for a lover to urge his suit.

"Yes," said Everil, slowly, calmly, and distinctly, "my grandmother has told me that you have done me the honour of asking me to become your wife."

She spoke in a matter-of-fact way, especially exasperating to a lover.

But she looked so beautiful, so lovely, and lovable, that the fossilised organ, which Sir Percival called his heart, beat more quickly and anxiously than usual, as he said:

"And you, Miss Vane? Do not keep me in suspense. Tell me your decision."

"First tell me," she interposed, "what has my grandmother told you concerning my parentage?"

Everil shrank from saying that she had overheard Lady Pendleton's speech the evening before.

"I scarcely understand you, Miss Vane," replied Sir Percival, in genuine bewilderment.

"I thought I was explicit enough. I merely want to know has Lady Pendleton told you who I am?"

"My dear Miss Vane, I know what all the world knows about you. I know that you are the child of Lady Pendleton's daughter, who married a Captain Vane. Both your parents, I believe, died in India?"

"Yes, at least, so I have been told."

"And then Lady Pendleton took you home to Pendleton Hall, and you have been to her in place of the daughter she lost."

"Let us sit down here, Sir Percival," said Everil, indicating the fallen trunk of a huge tree which lay in the shade, "I have a good deal to say to you, and it may as well be said now as at any other time."

"But say I have a hope that you will be my wife!" earnestly entreated the ancient Lothario.

"Wait until I have told my tale."

Sir Percival held up his hand.

"Before you say one word," said he, "let me tell you that if you are about to make any demur on the score of your not possessing any fortune,—that is a matter of no importance in my eyes. I have enough for both. I will make a settlement upon you, ay! as liberal as that of many a duchess. You shall have your season in town—you shall be presented at court—where the Rossmore diamonds will be the envy and admiration of every woman there."

Sir Percival believed in the power of the diamonds; and was inclined to consider the concluding sentence a very happy stroke of policy. Everil was really touched, not by the mention of the diamonds, but by the liberality and evident earnestness of her elderly lover.

For a moment she was silent, trying to put into words the disagreeable information which, duty said, she was bound to give him.

"Therefore," he continued, eagerly, mistaking her silence for an affirmation of his random

opinion, "we need not refer to that subject again. Lady Pendleton's lawyer can communicate with mine about the matter; that can be easily arranged. Only say that you honour me by accepting my hand, heart and fortune!"

"Sir Percival Rossmore," said Everil, "were you less liberal and chivalric in your offers it might—perhaps—be easier for me to say to you what I feel bound, in honour, to tell you."

"Tell me anything rather than that you will not be my wife," he interrupted.

"I wish to tell you," she continued, "that the generally believed story about my birth is not strictly true."

"Why, do you mean to say you are not the granddaughter of Lady Pendleton?" he asked, in some amazement.

"Yes, I am her granddaughter," replied Everil, averting her face, "but," the words came out with a great effort, "my mother was not the wedded wife of Captain Vane."

"You surprise me."

Sir Percival sat staring straight before her in sheer bewilderment.

"I have no doubt that I do. You have honoured me by offering me marriage. When you did so you did not know I had a brand upon my name. Sir Percival Rossmore, I thank you for the honour you have done me, and I release you fully from any engagement my grandmother may have entered into upon my behalf."

CHAPTER XIV.

A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things. TENNYSON.

We left Henry Garthside and Barbara Finlay at their evening meal in the quaint old-fashioned dwelling.

The woman who entered as Barbara opened the door was a stranger to both, yet she advanced with the air of one who knew the place well.

Giving a passing glance at Barbara, she looked steadfastly at Henry Garthside and said:

"Henry, do you not recognise me?"

The poor hump-backed turned ashy pale at the sound of her voice. Hastily rising, he advanced with trembling and out-stretched hands, saying:

"Muriel! Do my ears deceive me? Can it be the voice of Muriel Oliphant?"

"It is Muriel Oliphant," she replied, placing her hand in his. "Your ears have not deceived you, although," she continued, sadly, "your eyes well might. You could hardly recognise in me the Muriel Oliphant of long ago."

"Welcome, Muriel, welcome!" he reiterated, still holding her hands and struggling with his emotion.

"This is—your wife, I presume?" said Muriel, scanning Barbara, who stood by amazed at the whole scene.

"No," and Henry Garthside smiled faintly.

"This is my good cousin Barbara Finlay, who is ready to give a hearty welcome to my old friend Muriel Oliphant."

"Indeed, that I am!" exclaimed Barbara, extending her hand, whilst a genial smile brightened her honest face. "Sit down," she continued, drawing forth a huge arm-chair, "for indeed you look fairly fagged. And now let me make you a cup of fresh tea."

Muriel sank down into the depths of the arm-chair, whilst Barbara, on hospitable thoughts intent, busied herself with preparing the fragrant tea.

She took off her plain black bonnet and waterproof cloak, revealing a crop of scanty grayish hair, not more than two inches in length. Her eyes were hollow and sunken, her faded face drawn and pinched, her figure shrunken and ungraceful, and as Barbara Finlay looked at her, she found some difficulty in believing that their guest could ever have been entitled to the name of "bonny Muriel Oliphant."

She was a woman of about forty years of age, but she looked almost fifty-five. Muriel appeared tired and travel-worn, and thirstily

drank the tea with which Barbara supplied her.

"I daresay you are much surprised to see me," said the new comer, addressing Henry Garthside. "I thought I would come to the old house on the chance of finding you still living here, and I trusted to our old friendship to induce you to give me shelter for the night."

"I am so pleased to think you had so much confidence in your old friend," replied Henry Garthside, a suspicious moisture dimming his fine eyes; "and I am sure I can answer for Barbara finding you somewhere to sleep."

"Most certainly," heartily replied that cheery spinster, taking up a small basket of keys and rising. "And now I'll go and see about your bed, and leave you two old friends to talk over old times."

Shrewd, sensible Barbara. She had the tact to know when she was in the way or not.

The moment she left the room Muriel Oliphant said, eagerly:

"Harry Garthside, you must not breathe a word to anyone about my coming here until I give you leave."

"That is just as you like, Muriel."

"Will you let me stay here for a little time?"

"For as long as you like, Muriel. For ever, if you are in want of a home," he added, gently and earnestly.

"Thank you, Henry," she replied, while a spasm of emotion passed over her worn face. "You were always kind and good to me. Far more so than I deserved."

"Don't say that, Muriel. You know how I loved you; you do not know that I love you yet as fondly as ever I did, that day and night I have for years prayed to be allowed to look upon your face again. And now, Muriel, Muriel," he sobbed, "it breaks my heart to see you so altered."

And, bending his head upon his clasped hands, the hunchback sobbed bitterly.

Down Muriel's cheeks the tears also flowed. But she made no hysterical display of her grief.

She wept like a woman accustomed to look back and to weep, like one who had earned a title to wear a sorrow's crown of sorrows.

"I do not think anyone will recognise me, Henry. Do you?" she asked, with comparative calmness.

"I do not think so," he replied, but without looking up at her.

"Henry, I must get someone to help me in the business which has brought me here. Will you do so?"

"What is it, Muriel?"

"You may safely promise, Henry. I know you will help me."

"I shall help you in any way that is likely to forward your happiness," and he leaned his head on his hand and swept the bright hair away from his high white forehead; "but, Muriel, I should like to know where you have been and what you have been doing ever since I saw you last. Believe me when I say that it is not idle curiosity but loving interest in you which prompts me to ask the question."

"I am quite aware of that, Henry, and you shall hear it all. But, first of all, tell me, is it true that Sir Percival Rossmore is about to be married?"

She laid her hand on his as she spoke, and he felt that it was like ice.

Henry Garthside started as she asked the question, and looked fixedly at her.

Why did she mention that man's name?

Surely—oh, surely—she was not going to tell him all the scandalous reports about her were true!

"You will not answer?" she exclaimed. "Say—do you know if it be true he is about to be married?"

"Of what importance can it be to you whether Sir Percival be married or single?" he inquired, evading answering her question directly.

"Of the utmost importance!" she cried, vehemently. "Tell me is the report true—or must I go off to Rossmore and first learn it from himself?"

"It is true Sir Percival is about to be married," replied Henry Garthside.

"Are you sure?" asked in a eager, hoarse voice.

"Quite true. I have had the information from his own lips."

"To whom is he going to be married?" said Muriel, with ominous quietness.

"I believe to Miss Everil Vane, the granddaughter of old Lady Pendleton, of Pendleton Hall."

"I know who they are. Go on," she continued, feverishly, "tell me all about it."

"I really have no more to tell. This morning I saw Sir Percival, and he told me what I have just told you. Now, Muriel, tell me why you are so interested in Sir Percival's movements?"

"First of all I want to know if Sir Percival is at Rossmore?"

"No."

"I thought you said you saw him there this morning."

"So I did. But he left this afternoon to go to Lady Pendleton's, where, I believe, he is to stay for a few days."

"How can I get from this to Pendleton Hall?" she inquired, anxiously.

"You can take the train from Rossmore to Hoxley Station, which is only a couple of miles from Lady Pendleton's. But all this time, Muriel," he suggested, "you have not told me about yourself, nor why you are so anxious to see Sir Percival Rossmore."

"My story is soon told," said Muriel, wearily, as she lay back in her chair. "Tell me first, were the neighbours surprised at my going off so suddenly?"

"Yes, Muriel, very much surprised," he replied, a flush overspreading his pale face, as he recollected the stories which had been afloat concerning his bonny Muriel Oliphant.

"I was young, vain, and foolish then," she said, with a quiver of her lip. "I know vanity was my besetting sin. But, Henry, I have been sorely punished for it. I shall tell you my story. But first call your cousin. She looks kind and sympathetic, and I should like her to hear what I have to say."

(To be Continued.)

GREAT FIRES OF THE WORLD.

THE great fire of London, in 1666, burnt for three days, destroying 13,200 houses, including many fine public buildings. The loss by this fire, if computed by present values, would amount to at least £20,000,000.

The city of New York has suffered by at least three great fires. One in 1835 destroyed 600 warehouses, which together with contents were worth £4,000,000. Another in 1839 destroyed property to the amount of £2,000,000; and a third in 1845 destroyed 300 stores and dwellings, valued at £1,200,000. Charleston in 1838 suffered by a fire which destroyed 1,158 buildings, covering 145 acres. Pittsburgh, in 1845, lost by fire 1,000 buildings, valued at £1,200,000. Albany, N. Y., some years since lost in steamboats and buildings £600,000. St. Louis, in 1849, lost £1,200,000 in steamboats and buildings. Philadelphia, in 1858, lost 300 houses.

In 1845 two thirds of the city of Quebec, comprising 2,800 houses, were swept away by fire. The city of St. John's, Newfoundland, repeatedly damaged by fire, was nearly all destroyed in 1846, when 6,000 people were rendered homeless. Troy suffered severely in 1862. Portland, in 1866, lost £1,800,000, including the loss of 1,600 buildings. Chicago, in 1871, and Boston, in 1872, were devastated to the extent of more than £40,000,000; and quite recently a devastating fire has almost entirely destroyed the city of St. John, N. B.

But these marked fires do not alone measure the work of destruction; much is due to the smaller fires, which make up by their frequency what they lack in proportions. Constantly at work, little by little, year by year, the aggregate of ruin they accomplish is fearful.

APPLES AS AN ARTICLE OF DIET.

LET every housekeeper lay in a good supply of apples, and it will be the most economical investment in the whole range of culinarics. A raw, mellow apple is digested in an hour and a half, while boiled cabbage requires five hours. The most healthy dessert that can be placed on the table is a baked apple. If eaten frequently at breakfast, with coarse bread and butter, without meat or flesh of any kind, it has an admirable effect on the general system, often removing constipation, correcting acidities, and cooling off febrile conditions more effectually than the most approved medicines.

If families could be induced to substitute apples, sound and ripe, for pies, cakes and sweetmeats, with which their children are frequently stuffed, there would be a diminution in the total sum of doctor's bills, in a single year, sufficient to lay in a stock of this delicious fruit for the whole season's use.

WIN AND WEAR.

WIN an honour ere you wear it,
Nothing but your dues receive;
Suns will bleach it, tempests tear it,
If of tinsel make-believe.
Gleam the walks that men inherit,
In and out their lights and glooms,
With the blaze of real merit
And the flash of borrowed plumes.

Suddenly, with angry bluster,
Troublous rains the ways invade;
Mark the moves of all that muster
In the motley cavalcade.
Which will brave the tempest's fury,
Which will wash, and which will wear?
Which to hide themselves will hurry,
Which still on the highway fare?

Lo, to any transient shelter
That may save their tufts forlorn,
Speed the puppets, helter skelter,
Soon to be the public scorn;
While in stately calm the Noble
Who have learned to win and wear
Keep their pace till all the trouble
Passes, and the sky is fair.

Then, what draggled plumes come
skulking
Out into the sun again,
With their shamed possessors sulking
At the work of wind and rain;
While, in sunnier joy reflected
From the bath that tried their hues,
Shine the crests by work effected
As reward of honest dues.

Thought and toil that weakened
never—
Burning of the midnight lamp—
Patience, trust and high endeavour,
Give them their enduring stamp.
Win and wear! The world's worst
burden
Is Pretence, of specious glance;
True desert will win the guerdon
That outlasts the storms of chance.

N. D. U.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

TRIALS of the Bell telephone were recently conducted before the Emperor of Germany at the palace in Berlin. His Majesty manifested the liveliest interest in the invention, and deigned to inquire its name, whereupon a high Post Office functionary coined the title, "Fernsprecher," which means "Far talker," and which the Emperor at once approved, so that it is now a part of the German language.

The acquisition of an Imperial godfather for

his device may perhaps console Professor Bell for this remarkable change in the baptismal title of his offspring, although he will probably agree with us in failing to see the improvement. Still, when he remembers that the name emanates from the nation which inflicts suffering chemistry with "anisidibenzhydroxylamene" and a host of like jaw wrenchers, he may be grateful that the infant telephone is not smothered under the usual Teutonic avalanche of syllables.

THE FRUITS OF CENTRAL ASIA.

GARDENS, says Mr. Schuyler in his book on Turkestan, constitute the beauty of all this land. The long rows of poplar and elm trees, the vineyards, the dark foliage of the pomegranate over the walls, transport one at once to the plains of Lombardy or of Southern France. In the early spring the outskirts of the city, and indeed the whole valley, are one mass of white and pink with the bloom of almond and peach, of cherry and apple, of apricot and plum, which perfume the air for miles around.

These gardens are the favourite dwelling-places in summer—and well they may be. Nowhere are fruits more abundant, and of some varieties it can be said that nowhere are they better. The apricots and nectarines I think it would be impossible to surpass anywhere. These ripen in June, and from that time until winter fruit and melons are never lacking. Peaches, though smaller in size, are better in flavour than the best in England, but they are far surpassed by those of Delaware. The big blue plums of Bokhara are celebrated through the whole of Asia. The cherries are mostly small and sour.

The best apples come either from Khiva or from Susak, to the north of Turkestan; but the small white pears of Tashkent are excellent in their way. The quince, as with us, is cultivated only for jams or marmalades, or for flavouring soup.

Besides water-melons, there are in common cultivation ten varieties of early melons and six varieties which ripen later, any of which would be a good addition to our gardens. In that hot climate they are considered particularly wholesome, and form one of the principal articles of food during summer. When a man is warm and thirsty, he thinks nothing of sitting down and finishing a couple of them.

An acre of land, if properly prepared, would produce in ordinary years from two to three thousand, and in very good years twice as many. Of grapes I noticed thirteen varieties, and most of them remarkably good.

BEAUTIFUL LEAVES.

STREWN upon lawns, lanes and woodlands, are leaves, most beautiful to behold, dyed in the most brilliant hues of a sunset sky, speaking to us in a prophetic language of our silent but steady march to the tomb. Like the footsteps of time, they are softly falling and fading in their glory; they will never again clothe the forest with their beautiful green. When another spring rolls around they will be dead; never again will they see another summer.

Ah, how like autumn leaves is human life!

"Man's days are as the grass, and as fleeting."

Are not the autumns of some lives as beautiful and brightly tinted, by the simple, child-like trust in Heaven, as the leaves? So will the years that change our lives mark upon us the prints of autumn; so shall we fall from the tree of time—fade as ye fade, oh leaves of beauty! But when the harvest of life is past, if we have sown good seed, we shall awake in eternal spring. Our bodies, as the leaves, will return to dust, but our immortal souls shall rise to join the saints in praise of our blessed Redeemer.



[A SECRET BETWEEN THEM.]

A WOMAN SPURNED.

CHAPTER XXVII.

And, when a life is good and true,
Though shining only for the few,
'Tis earth's best gem, and nobler far
Than sceptres, crowns, and kingdoms are.

WHEN the evening meal was over Mrs. Tardy seemed unusually inclined to talk, and it was quite nine o'clock before she made a movement to retire.

Even Constance had to remind her that late hours were not good for her, and she reluctantly arose to go to her room, and Kirke passed out of the parlour, Constance giving him a look of intelligence, and there was something delightful to him in thus sharing a secret with her which, for the present, must be kept from Mrs. Tardy.

He passed into the library, which was in the western wing of the building, and had opening from it a smaller room, the door of which was kept constantly locked since Constance had been at Kirkwood. She had tried it many times, and wondered what could be hidden away so carefully.

The library itself was a large room, with a bow window in front, with a wide seat in it, from which a lovely panorama of hill and dale was seen, the tall trees having been cleared of their lower branches to afford an unobstructed view.

Within, the walls were lined with book-cases, filled with a choice collection of learning and literature made by the successive owners of the old homestead, for all of them had been men of culture and taste.

Busts of the most distinguished literary men of all the ages stood on the tops of the book-cases, and in the centre of the floor was a reading table with a shaded lamp, with two large morocco-covered chairs drawn up near it.

Into one of these Kirke threw himself, and

waited with what patience he could command for the sound of the footstep which had become so dear and familiar to him.

It came at last, and his visitor walked in, carrying a candle in her hand, looking as cool and composed as if it was the most usual thing in the world to seek a meeting with her host at that hour of the night.

She set her light down, and quietly explained her delay.

"Mrs. Tardy was so nervous and excited to-night that I was forced to give her a sedative before she slept. I think she talked too much, though she complimented you on doing most of the talking, I believe. I hope that my delay has not tired your patience too far, Mr. Kirke?"

"I have been very anxious to hear what you have to tell me, but knowing that you would come as soon as you were free to do so, I could, as you advised me, 'possess my soul in patience.'"

She smiled faintly, and replied:

"Now that I am here I must lose no time in telling you what I have come to say. Mrs. Tardy may awake and call me, and it would be rather awkward to account for my fancy for wandering about the house at this hour."

She paused a few moments to collect her thoughts, and then said:

"It is curious how things come under one's notice, and lead up to discoveries which are of the last importance to one's self or one's friends. It would almost make us believe that guiding spirits are around us, leading us unconsciously to grasp the facts known to them but concealed from us. I have often felt this, but never so clearly as now. But for my fancy for reading old newspapers I could not have furnished you with the clue I promised."

She pointed to a rack hanging against the wall on which many files of papers hung.

"Among those is a statement which strangely fixed my attention at the time I read it, and I now understand why my interest in it was so unusual. If you will bring the first file to the

table, Mr. Kirke, I think I can find the article I refer to."

He arose promptly and brought what she asked for, saying as he did so:

"It was a fancy of my uncle to preserve old newspapers. I have often wondered what use he ever intended to make of them, and I never expected to find in them anything that could be of use to myself. I am glad now that I kept them for his sake."

"We have indeed cause to be thankful that they were not destroyed, if, as I believe, the clue to Mr. Manvers' place of imprisonment is found in them."

The journals were dated seven years back, and after searching among them a few moments, Constance pointed to the following paragraph, which her companion eagerly read:

"It is said that Christopher Markley, the man who killed Tim Sullivan in an encounter in a bar-room seven years ago, is living among the mountains, where the country is wild and sparsely settled. He leads the life of a hermit, refusing to associate with anyone; but a man who has lately seen and talked with him recognised his identity with the murderer."

"Markley was always weak-minded, and the person, who forced him to talk, thinks he has become partially demented by the lonely life he leads, and the dread that he may be tracked and called to account for the crime he committed."

"It would, however, be difficult to arrest him, even if anyone cared to do so, for the man he killed was a worthless nuisance, who was more to blame than Markley was. He has taken precautions against being arrested which prove how much he fears the hand of justice may yet be laid upon him."

"He has built himself a cabin on the hill-side against the mouth of a cave which is known to extend for miles through the hills, and in its windings he could baffle the keenest pursuit."

"The hunter referred to spent a night with the recluse, much against his will, however;

he knew the country well in his boyhood, and on referring to the cave as a convenient place of refuge, Markley vehemently denied that there was anything more than a small cavern which could not afford a hiding-place to anyone.

"The poor wretch has been punished sufficiently, we think, for the fatal blow which, many said at the time, was dealt in self-defence, and from the account given us, we scarcely think him responsible, in the present state of his mind, for a crime committed so long ago, and under great provocation."

Kirke drew a deep breath when he finished reading this, and said:

"It was indeed a good Providence that led you to look over these papers, Constance. But are you quite certain that this man is John Markley's brother. The name is not an uncommon one."

"I have more than once heard Mr. Markley speak of his brother Kit, as he called him, and I distinctly remember hearing him say that he lived on a sheep-farm belonging to himself. He was trying, at the time, to impress my father with the belief that he was a man of means, and could restore me to the position I had lost by papa's failure. Poor father! He was so anxious to see me well provided for that he urged me to accept him, and only ceased his importunities when Brenton made him believe that he wished to win me for his wife. All either of them cared for was the petty sum my mother had saved from her labour as a music teacher, and, as you know, they got possession of it. The two have for years been in league with each other, and they have arranged this stupendous swindle between them of which Mr. Manvers is to be the victim, if we do not find means to rescue him from their power before the return of Mr. Brenton. We know what he attempted against Mrs. Tardy, and he will scarcely spare the life that may be dangerous to himself. Mr. Markley is too cowardly to assassinate Mr. Manvers, nor is it to his interest to destroy him till he has been fully paid for his agency in this nefarious transaction."

Constance spoke impressively, and looked earnestly at him while she did so.

Kirke regarded her almost with reverence; he took her hand, and pressing it to his lips, said:

"Men call women they love angels, but, to me, you are something more to be desired than the angelic species of women; you are a creature capable of thinking, feeling, reasoning—of understanding clearly what is passing around you, and acting for the good of others without one thought of self. Oh, Constance, my yearning heart never cried out for your love so strongly as now, and yet I feel that I am transcending the bounds I have prescribed to myself since I have been so happy as to claim you as a guest in my house. Forgive me, dearest, best and loveliest of women."

At this outburst Constance looked a little alarmed, but his words thrilled her heart with emotion never before elicited by his utterances, and after a brief struggle with herself she lifted her luminous eyes, which had sunk beneath the appealing power of his ardent gaze and softly said:

"Take the hand you covet so much, and go forth as my knight on this adventure. Rescue Julian Manvers and bring him back to those who love him, and I will give myself to you as soon as we are again settled at Selwood."

"Do you really mean it?" cried Kirke, in rapture almost too great for speech. "Have you really learned to care for me? to—love me with all your heart, Constance? I cannot be satisfied with less than that?"

She had grown very pale, but at his last words a lovely rose-flush came into her face, a happy smile came to her lips, and she said:

"I believe now that I have been struggling against love, in place of trying to clip his wings and force him to stay with me till my heart was linked with yours. I have always believed that I would never marry—that my art afforded interest enough to my life; but now I know that something better and dearer may

be mine, and I cannot, I dare not relinquish it."

Her lover seemed transfixed—his homely face was almost handsome with the light that shone from it; he took her in his arms as if she had been a child, knelt with her firmly clasped to his breast, and looking upward devoutly said:

"Oh Lord of life and hope, I thank Thee for giving to me the desire of my heart, and the delight of my eyes. Hear me vow to cherish her as the apple of my eye, to love her as the embodiment of all that is to me precious and desirable in women. Amen."

He pressed a single kiss upon her lips, and then rising gravely repudiated her in the chair from which he had so impulsively snatched her.

Constance was half laughing, half crying at this eccentric demonstration. Kirke said:

"Say again you love me, my darling; let those truthful lips give me the assurance I thirst to hear once more from them, for I can scarcely believe in my own happiness."

"I do more than love you; I reverence you as a good and noble man; one, as I have before told you, to live or die for, if the last necessity arose."

And she drew his face down to her own, and kissed him lightly on forehead and lips.

"It is a gallant surrender," he said, "and one that I appreciate at its full value."

And he gently replaced her in her chair without attempting to return the caresses which were so ineffably precious to him.

There was a pause of a few moments, in which Kirke held her hand in one of his, softly stroking it with the other, trying to realise to himself the great happiness which had come to him when he scarcely dared to hope that success might finally crown his dream of a future with this woman who had made herself all the world to him by her clear sense, her gentle heart, and that nameless charm which is more powerful than beauty itself to win and keep a heart.

Constance recovered in a measure from the glamour he had thrown over her by the power of his strong, masculine will, and with a laugh said:

"We seem to have forgotten what brought us here to-night, Mr. Kirke. All my promises were made on one condition, and that you must fulfil."

"Did I not pledge myself to do so when I took you in my arms and thanked Him for giving you to me? I shall start on my errand to-morrow, and return with Julian Manvers, or bring back with me the news of his death. Do you know in what county the pretended sheep-farm of John Markley is situated? It will save much trouble if you can remember."

"I cannot tell you that. How do you propose to proceed?"

"I shall obtain a warrant for Christopher Markley's arrest on the old accusation of manslaughter. I shall take an officer with me, and Dick, my own servant, who I know is to be trusted, shall go along with me to assist in getting Manvers here, if there should be any difficulty about that. He has probably been drugged, or his health tampered with in some way, to disable him from attempting an escape. A strong, resolute man like him could not be held in captivity by one person, if some such precaution had not been taken. I shall inquire for the Markley place at the office from which this paper is issued, and I think the editor who wrote that article is still living and carrying on his paper. He may be able to give me such information as I shall need to guide me in my search."

"Your plan is an excellent one, and I trust that it will be crowned with success. Having settled what is to be done, I cannot linger longer here. Good-night."

In another moment she had taken her candle and was gone. In a species of bewilderment over all that had passed so quickly as to seem the figment of a dream, Kirke went to the door and watched her moving through the wide hall, and up the winding stairs, wondering if she had

really pledged herself to him, and he softly muttered to himself:

"Is this the 'sober certainty of waking bliss'? No, not sober in any sense; for I am drunk with happiness, steeped to the lips in joy ineffable! Oh, my love; my love! if I cannot make you happy in the life that lies before us I shall be the most contemptible and the most wretched creature the sun shines on. You have hesitated—you have doubted; but now you understand your own feelings, and of your own accord you generously gave me the certainty I have so longed to gain. Mine—mine—mine at last! Oh, Father of light and life! how shall I thank thee for this crowning joy of my life!"

He bowed his head and uttered a brief prayer, intense and earnest as was the great love which had come to him so late in life that he had despaired of ever feeling more than respect and admiration for any woman.

With bitter self-contempt he thought of his efforts to induce Emma to accept him, and knew that he had failed because there was no compelling power in his own heart to bring hers into subjection.

For hours the house was too narrow to contain him; he went out under the stars and claimed kindred with all that is lovely and sweet in nature.

He felt like a demi-god in that hour of supreme power over the one creature in the world he desired for his very own.

He knew that he had won a perfect victory over that shrinking, doubting woman, who had so long resisted the promptings of her own heart, and not a single doubt came to mar the joy and triumph that thrilled through every fibre of his frame.

An ugly man's wooing had for once been perfectly successful, for he felt certain that in accepting him Constance had not been influenced by the wealth and station he could bestow upon her.

He walked many miles that night, though he did not leave his own ground, and came back at last so much fatigued, both in mind and body, that he fell asleep almost as soon as his head touched his pillow; but Constance went with him into the land of dreams, and the scene which had been enacted in the library was acted over and over again till daylight aroused him from his slumbers.

The room occupied by Constance joined that of Mrs. Tardy, and after looking in on the old lady to find her sleeping tranquilly, she sat down beside her own window to think over what had passed that night.

A marvellous calm had settled over the heart so long torn by doubts and fears as to the true state of her own feelings towards her lover. In some way inexplicable to her, he seemed, in that brief interview, to have absorbed her being into his own, and she felt that henceforth life to her without his companionship would be a dreary round of duties listlessly performed, and wondered why it was that she had so long struggled against the love which now flooded her whole being with light and sweetness.

From the first she had acknowledged his good and noble traits, yet she had shrunk in fear and trembling from the thought of giving herself away so utterly to any man as marriage implies; her being merged into his; her individuality lost, and herself an insignificant nought to which the grander figure beside it only imparted value.

Such had been her idea of marriage, but now, by some wonderful enchantment, her whole theory was overturned.

She saw herself elevated, honoured by the true love of a generous heart, and felt that her grandest development would be under its fostering care—that, linked with her lover, her future must be nobler, happier and more useful than if she persisted in walking alone through life.

"It's a miracle," she said, softly, to herself. "I cannot otherwise account for the change that has been wrought in me. I have suffered so much, have been tossed on a sea of doubt so long, and now, as if by magic, the waves have sunk into stillness, and I am wafted to a haven

which seems a paradise of peace and rest. My pulse is steady, my heart beats without tumult, yet I have promised everything he asked, and with me it is impossible to recede from a pledge I have given.

"Would I recede if I could? Oh, no, no, never! I know that I love the man so truly that I am willing to accept from his hand all that he has to bestow, and feel no humiliation in my dependence because of the royal gift of perfect love, which enables me to repay him with that which gold cannot buy."

The night was clear and starlit, and Constance dimly saw the figure of Kirke as he left the portico and moved down the pathway to the gate.

He entered the long avenue of stately trees which lay beyond, and walked up and down its whole length with the rapid and excited tread of one trying to overcome mental by physical excitement.

She laughed softly to herself:

"Poor man! he is trying to walk down the whirl of feeling into which my unexpected submission has thrown him; and I am sitting here as calm as a day in June, feeling the warmth of the newly risen sun, yet unscorched by it. He is impetuous—and I am so different; yet I know we shall suit each other. How ridiculous it is for us to be so romantically happy as we are. He is thirty-six and I am twenty-four, and we ought to be more sensible. Yet I believe that mature people who feel for the first time the divine power of love, are greater simpletons than boys and girls who play with passions as with edge tools, too often to be stabbed to the heart by their silly pastime. Such will not be our experience, dear heart, for we have weighed each other in the balance, and, to us at least, nothing has been found wanting."

Thus musing she sat at her post of observation till Kirke came in, and then made preparations for retiring.

But she could not sleep. She had believed herself perfectly calm now that her fate was settled beyond recall, but she found it impossible to keep her eyes closed, and she lay staring out at the night through the window the curtains of which she had fastened back, weaving dreams of the future in which she was to be queen of this lovely home, yet a tender and submissive wife to the royal-hearted man she had chosen for her master.

Neither of them had given much thought to the unhappy news they had heard so lately concerning Manvers, but both believed that he would be rescued in time to vindicate himself and bring confusion to his enemies; and in this crisis of their lives they were excusable for thinking more of themselves than of others.

Toward dawn Constance fell into a slight slumber, which was broken by hearing Mrs. Tardy moving about her room.

She sprang up, feeling fresh and bright in spite of her almost sleepless night, and throwing on a dressing-gown hurried to assist her old friend in making her toilet.

"I have caught you napping for once, and proved to you that I can take care of myself once more," was the laughing greeting she received. "I made my own toilet, and if you do not hurry with yours you will be late for your breakfast. Did you lie awake half the night thinking of what I said to you yesterday evening? You have made up your mind, I hope, and if you have, it is in Jimmy's favour, or you could never look as happy as you do."

Constance threw her arms around this steady champion of the man she loved, and with a hysterical laugh, said:

"I have been very naughty, and I have sometimes been half vexed with you for lecturing me for my good; but all is well that ends well, dear Mrs. Tardy. I have made up my mind at last, and it is in Mr. Kirke's favour; I hope you are satisfied now."

"Satisfied? I am delighted! Elated beyond the power of expression, to hear that you have come to your right mind, and can appreciate a beautiful soul, if the body it shines through is not that of an Apollo. Yet Jimmy is good-looking enough for a man."

"Quite handsome enough for me, for I assure you I would not, for anything, have him different in the slightest degree from what he is," replied Constance, releasing herself from the warm embrace of her friend.

"Hey day! has it come to that with you! Then you have been playing the part of the indifferent when you really cared for him all the time."

"Don't judge me so hardly. I have played no part. I have only tried to act honestly by myself and by him. New light has come to me; in what way I cannot explain, and I hardly understand myself; but it will be as you wish, Mrs. Tardy. Your favourite will win the poor girl he seems to value so highly."

"And you have won that 'noblest work of the Creator, an honest man,' and you may thank your stars that you have sense enough to appreciate him at his true worth."

"Yes, my eyes have been at last opened to his merits," said Constance, laughing saucily, "and we are going to show the world a model couple. I must run now and hurry through my toilet."

"Jimmy talks of waiting till the last day of your stay before he asks for his answer. I'll not allow that; the poor fellow has been kept in suspense long enough, and I shall give him a hint to speak out while you are in the humour to take him. If he has your promise, you'll not break it, even if some of your old fantastic notions should assail you again."

"There is not the least danger of that now, I assure you," cried Constance, as she effected her escape into her own room. "But you may tell him if you choose."

She laughed to herself as she thought how cleverly she had evaded all chance of blame from her protectress when the meeting in the library came to be told to her.

She had taken Mrs. Tardy into her confidence as far as she dared at present, and satisfied her that the union she had so much at heart would eventually take place.

A marked improvement had taken place in the health of the old lady, but she was still far from strong, and it was necessary to shield her as long as possible from so great a shock as the knowledge of what had happened to Manvers must prove.

The letter she had received on the previous evening would satisfy her for some days to come, and Constance hoped before another one came that something definite would be known concerning the fate of Julian Manvers; for she would not permit herself to doubt that her preux chevalier would rescue him from captivity, and aid him in every way to retrieve his character and punish those who had attempted to ruin and disgrace him.

(To be Continued.)

DISCOVERIES OF THE MICROSCOPE.

On examining the edge of a very keen razor by the microscope, it appeared as broad as the back part of a very thick knife; rough, uneven, full of notches and furrows, and so far from anything like sharpness that an instrument so blunt at this seemed to be would not serve even to cleave wood. An exceeding small needle being also examined, the point thereof appeared above a quarter of an inch in breadth; not round nor flat, but irregular and unequal; and the surface, though extremely smooth and bright to the naked eye, seemed full of roughness, holes and scratches. In short, it resembled an iron bar out of a smith's forge.

But the sting of a bee, viewed through the same instrument, showed everywhere a polish amazingly beautiful, without the least flaw, blemish or inequality, and ended in a point too fine to be discerned—thus showing how inferior art is to nature. A small piece of very fine lawn appeared, from the large distances or holes between its threads, somewhat like a hurdle or lattice; and the threads themselves

seemed somewhat coarser than the yarn with which ropes are made for anchors.

Some Brussels lace, worth five pounds a yard, looked as if it were made of a thick, rough, uneven hair-line, and twisted, fastened or clotted together in a very clumsy manner. But a silk-worm's web being examined, appeared perfectly smooth and shining, everywhere equal, and as much finer than any thread the finest spinster in the world ever made, as the smallest twine is finer than the thickest cable. Thus must we be convinced of the fact that the utmost power of art is only a concealment of deformity.

EYES OF ANIMALS.

The man who does not love animals, and respect them in a certain sense, is scarcely worthy of the name of man. I know of nothing more moving, indeed semi-tragic, than the yearning helplessness in the face of a dog who understands what is said to him and cannot answer. We often hear it said that no animal can endure the steady gaze of the human eye! but this is a superstition. An intelligent dog or horse not only endures, but loves it. The eye of a beast is restless from natural habit, but hardly more so than that of savage man.

Cats, birds, and many other animals, seek, rather than avoid, a friendly human eye. It is possible that tigers may have been turned away by an unflinching gaze, but I suspect the secret lay in the surprise of the beast at so unusual an experience, rather than in direct intimidation. Thieves are said to have the belief that a dog, for the same reason, will not attack a naked man, but I do not remember any account of a burglary where they have tried the experiment.

A DANISH LEGEND.

A DANISH knight was about to be married to the prettiest damsel in all Denmark, and according to the custom of the country, he rode about from one house to the other personally inviting all his guests.

There was to be a dance and a feast after the ceremony, and everyone he knew must be bidden.

He rode many miles that day, and after night-fall found himself on the farther side of a great wood which everyone said was haunted by elves, and where there was indeed a fairy ring, as anyone could see who chose to look for it. Some people would have been afraid to ride through the wood at night, but Sir Olaf was a brave man, so he spurred on his white horse and rode into the wood.

The moon was rising; her white beams penetrated the branches and faintly illuminated the path.

They fell upon his fine face and his long, fair, flowing hair; his blue eyes sparkled, he was thinking of the girl he loved and of his coming wedding-day.

Suddenly a sound fell upon his ear that broke his reverie; it was the sound of music—strange, delicate, beautiful music.

The horse heard it and began to show signs of terror, but Sir Olaf rode on, looking about him carefully, for he could not think that these delicate harps were played upon by human hands, and the tunes were all strange and elfish.

So, ran the old legend, did the Elf King's daughters play to win the hearts of any men who rode through the Elf wood after night-fall.

"But my heart they cannot win," said Sir Olaf, for that belongs to my true love. I have no fear of the Elf King's daughters."

But just as he spoke he came to a clearing in the wood; there was the fairy ring; a flood of moonlight fell across it; and there he saw three beautiful maidens, all in green, playing upon strange and delicate instruments, while in the

midst of the ring stood one still more lovely, who held out her arms to him.

"Welcome, welcome, Sir Olaf," she cried; "alight from your horse and come hither. I am the Elf King's daughter, and it is my will that thou shouldst come into the ring and dance with me. It is an honour given to few mortals."

But Sir Olaf remained in his saddle, only bowing low to the Elf maiden.

"I cannot dance with you," he said. "I cannot even stay. To-morrow is my wedding-day, and I must ride home to my bride."

"Your bride is very fair, doubtless, Sir Olaf," said the Elf maiden, "but am I not fairer? Light down, Sir Olaf, and dance with me, and I will give thee two golden spurs, and a robe of white silk that the fairy queen has bleached in the moonshine, as a wedding-gift for thy lady."

"Many thanks, lovely Elf maiden," said the knight, "but I must ride on. I cannot stop upon my wedding eve to dance or talk with thee. Good-night."

And he would have ridden on, but now the Elf maiden advanced and caught the horse by the bridle.

"Light down, Sir Olaf," said she, "and I will give thee gold. Thou shalt have more gold than thou hast ever hoped to have, for thou art but poor, though thou art so brave. Dance in the ring with me and thou shalt be rich."

"Nay," replied Sir Olaf, "I have told thee it is my wedding eve. I can dance with none but my bride. Let go my bride, good Elf maiden, and farewell."

But now the beautiful eyes of the fairy woman sparkled with rage.

"If thou wilt not dance with me, Sir Olaf," she said, "thou shalt remember me. The man who will not take the Elf maiden's kiss shall have the Elf stroke from her hand."

Then she rose on tiptoe and struck him over the heart, and cried: "Get thee home to thy bride, Sir Olaf; get thee home to thy bride."

Away sped the horse, but Sir Olaf sat upon him pale and without motion; his hand no longer held the bridle; his eyes saw nothing; his lips were dumb; a white corpse seemed to ride upon the white steed in the moonlight.

All night those who awaited the coming of Sir Olaf watched for him in vain; the day dawned and he had not come; but so brave a knight would never fail his bride.

She feast was spread; the wine was poured; the bride was dressed; the guests arrived.

Where tarried Sir Olaf?

Those who knew that he had ridden into the Elf forest at moonrise felt their hearts grow heavy; but as all eyes turned towards the wood there rode forth from it a white horse which all knew to be Sir Olaf's.

It was ridden by a knight who seemed to be frozen in his saddle; he was white to the lips; his wide open eyes stared at nothing.

The horse came on and paused in their midst, and as though some unseen thing had until that moment supported him, the knight fell forward upon his face.

It was Sir Olaf.

"He is dead!" shrieked the bride.

"Dead! dead!" shrieked the mother.

"Dead!" chorused the guests.

And they wept over him as he lay in their midst and cried:

"There will be no wedding, but a funeral—the funeral of the bravest and best beloved knight in Denmark."

Then the bride tore her hair and scattered her jewels upon the ground; but there arose in the midst of the guests an old, wise woman, who had lived more than a hundred years.

Her long, grey hair fell down on either side of her head-bands, her cheeks were wrinkled, and she was bent double; but her shrill voice filled all the place.

"Listen to me, oh friends," she said. "I know what you know not. The brave young knight, Sir Olaf, has met the Elf maidens in the wood, and has had the Elf stroke. To

every man who rides through the wood after night do the Elf maidens call:

"Come and dance," they cry. "Come and dance."

"And whether they dance or not, they give them the Elf stroke over the heart. Only there is this difference: It is well known to all wise people, the man who is untrue to his wife or his love is dead, and all the doctors in Denmark cannot restore him. But one who is quite true, who, there in the darkness of the wood, with the Elf maidens only to look upon him, and the beautiful eyes of the Elf King's daughter looking into his, is utterly true, and neither kisses her soft lips, or dances with her, or takes from her gift or ring, him the lips of his true love may bring to life again."

"The bride has but to kiss him and he lives again. Only," said the old, wise woman, shaking her head, "in my time none have come to life again. All have died who have had the Elf stroke."

"But if thy words be true, old woman, Sir Olaf will breathe once more," cried the bride; "for he is true as steel. I know my knight. I have no doubt of him."

And she knelt beside her pallid lover, trembling and weeping, and showered kisses on his lips, while all stood about in silence, scarcely daring to breathe.

And under these kisses the white lips grew red again; the pale cheeks flushed, life sparkled in those frozen eyes. The bride felt her knight's breath upon her cheek.

"Wise woman, thou hast spoken the truth," she cried; "even the Elf stroke cannot harm the true heart, and my Olaf is true as the steel of his own good blade."

Then up rose Sir Olaf, strong and fair as ever, and took his bride by the hand, and far in the Elf wood were heard strange, wild sounds, the Elf King's daughter shrieking with rage; for they, like the old, wise woman, had never before known one so true as to refuse their kisses and their gold.

M. K. D.

FINGER NAILS.

The nails of the human hand have a language of their own, and the manner of keeping them is eloquent. Some keep them long and pointed, like reminiscences of claws; some pare and trim and scrape and polish up to the highest point of artificial beauty; and others, carrying the doctrine of nature to the outside limit, let them grow wild, with jagged edges, broken tracts, and agnails, or "back friend" as the agonising consequences. Sometimes you see the most beautiful nails, pink, transparent, filbert-shaped with the delicate filmy little "half-moon" indicated at the base—all the conditions of beauty carried to perfection, but all rendered of no avail by dirt and slovenliness; while others, thick, white-ribbed, square, with no half-moon spotted like so many circus horses with "gifts" and "friends" and the like—that is, without beauties, and with positive blemishes—are yet pleasant to look at for the care bestowed upon them, their dainty perfection of cleanliness being a charm in itself.

Nothing indeed is more disgusting than dirty hands and neglected nails, as nothing gives one such a sense of freshness and care as the same members well kept.

PERSONAL INFLUENCE.

EVERY human being influences his companion for good or for evil. Not the meanest creature on earth lives without touching someone, and in that touch, influencing, moulding, shaping to better ends or to worse.

The opinions which we profess have also influence, and one that cannot be expressed in words or numbers. It extends for ever and ever, even when forgotten as the original mover. The wise and just and generous judgment uttered in the midst of the council of de-

tractors, of judges pronouncing on insufficient evidence, and of executors sharpening their swords for the uncondemned and unproved—how often this wise staying of condemnation comes back on the memory, and influences to the like a mind which else might be carried into harshness and injustice, and a decision based on the same kind of insufficient evidence.

The freer thought may let light into the darkened mind haunted by superstition and paralysed by fear; the hopeful word may break off some of that benumbing crust of gloomy pessimism, which it is unhappily the fashion of the day to pretend where it does not exist, and to foster where it does; the warning of experience may prevent the over-confidence of ignorance; the warmth of the love may thaw the coldness of the distrustful, and bring back to the fold of human sympathy the self-exiled. There is no end to our influences, no limit to the good or the evil which we convey, as integral to the atmosphere around us, as part of the inalienable condition of our personality.

Let no one say that there is no work and no worth in his life. Everyone's life is a lesson, a sermon, an influence; and so far as women especially are concerned, were it not for the sweet and tender influences shed by them—by no means to be confounded with direct and positive action—the world would ere now have fallen into a confused heap of moral roughnesses and personal disorders, from which no mental Amazon, disdaining influence and greedy of power, would be able to rescue it.

SCIENCE.

HOW TO PAINT MAGIC LANTERNS.

THE colours used for painting magic lantern pictures on glass must be either transparent or semi-transparent. The former include Prussian blue, gamboge, carmine, verdigris, madder brown, indigo, crimson lake, and ivory black; the latter, raw sienna, burnt sienna, cappa brown and Vandyke brown, are semi-transparent. By combinations of these almost any desired tint can be produced. No particular mixing of the colours is requisite, but if oil colours are used megilp is the best thinning material.

Water colours for first washes should be laid on with a hot solution of transparent gelatin. Camels' hair pencils are preferable to sable for painting on glass, as their elasticity is less and the trouble of working out the brush marks, which must always be attended to, not so great. Dry colours may be mixed with varnish, in which case the glass must be covered with a coat of turpentine which must be allowed to dry.

The simplest way of producing the picture on the glass is by using a series of stencils. A picture is to be re-produced. The artist places over the picture a piece of oiled paper, and on this he traces the outlines of all that portion of the picture which is to be tinted with yellow or in which yellow enters in the compound tints. Next, on another piece of paper, the red portions are traced. On a third are traced green parts; and lastly, on a fourth piece of paper, are drawn the blue parts.

The colours on these bases to be used would be gamboge, carmine, verdigris, and Prussian blue. Next, with a sharp penknife, the portions of the several papers included in the various outlines are carefully cut out, so that each piece of paper becomes a stencil. It only remains to apply the stencils, in the order already named, to the glass, and rub the colour over them, in turn to produce the picture, the different colours being superposed, and consequently combining. When the paint is dry it is coated with colourless varnish and the edges of the glass are surrounded with strips of strong paper.

BLUE PRINTING PROCESS.—The following process may be recommended for printing purposes:—Float Saxe or Rive paper for from four

to five minutes in a solution of citrate of iron. A tolerably well saturated solution may be obtained by stirring the salt for a considerable time on the boil. The sensitised paper is then dried in the dark, and exposed under the negative till a feeble yellowish trace of the lines of the picture is visible on the paper. In summer five or ten minutes will be found sufficient, and in winter from thirty to fifty for the printing. The prepared side of the paper must be then drawn gently (for a few seconds) over a tolerably strong solution of red prussiate of potash, when with great rapidity there is developed a blue picture, which should be quickly passed through pure spring water, and, if not then sufficiently strong, placed again for several seconds in the above solution, and then for a short time thoroughly well washed. An over-exposed picture develops so quickly that there is hardly time to wash it before the lights begin to tone. This process of blue printing is of great importance to engravers, who restore by it the stencil for the pantograph. Also for enlargements, wood engraving, &c., it is very useful, and can be worked at a fabulously cheap rate. By washing the picture when finished in water, to which a little ammonia has been added, it will appear more of a violet tint.

A NOVEL PIECE OF ORDNANCE.—A gun which will take to pieces for handy conveyance has been constructed at the Royal Gun Factories. The idea has been suggested by Colonel Le Mesurier, Royal Artillery, to meet the demand for a more powerful mountain gun than the 7-pounder of the service, which, from its extreme lightness—200 lbs.—gives an inconvenient recoil, and is too short in the barrel to be thoroughly effective. Two guns have been made on Colonel Le Mesurier's system; one, which is called the light gun, weighing in the aggregate 320 lbs., and the other, the heavy gun, weighing 670 lbs. Each gun consists of three parts, neither part being more than 200 lbs. in weight, that being reckoned a mule's burthen. The barrel and breech are made in separate parts, screwing together when required, and a trunnion ring screws over the joint, locking the whole together. In the experiments which have been made at Woolwich the gun has been put together very quickly—in less than a minute—and appears to be a sound and reliable as well as powerful weapon; but the trials hitherto have been chiefly directed to testing its ballistic power, and the system will be further tried at Shoeburyness to ascertain how it would operate under adverse circumstances, such as might arise from grit or rust in the joints.

TIMBER FOR CARRIAGE BUILDING.—To obtain good results, only the best timber, thoroughly seasoned and free from knots, should be used, and great care should be bestowed on its selection. Nothing is of more importance than this, for it is waste of money throwing away labour on bad or indifferent materials. The English hedgerow ash is well adapted for those parts requiring great strength and solidity, such as the frame of the body, &c. For the panels, Honduras mahogany is the best, but it should be chosen of straight grain, and as free as possible from all those markings which are so eagerly sought by the cabinet and furniture makers. It is found that such markings cause blemishes, owing to the action of the sun drawing them, as it were, through the paint and varnish. Mahogany is easily bent to any required shape, and retains the form well, qualities which render it of great value to carriage-builders. American hickory, birch and pine are also much used by carriage manufacturers—the first for wheels, and the other two for various purposes. American made wheels are in great demand, and cannot be surpassed for lightness, strength, and excellence of workmanship. English oak is very good for wheel spokes, and for the stocks or centres elm is excellent, and for these purposes both woods are extensively used.

ENGRAVING ON GLASS.—A new method of engraving on glass by means of electricity was described by M. Planté at the last meeting of the Paris Academy of Sciences. The surface of a

plate of glass or crystal having been covered with a concentrated solution of nitrate of potash, and a horizontal platinum wire, connected with one of the poles of an electric battery, being placed in the liquid along the edges of the glass, any design may be easily drawn on the glass by touching it with the point at the other end of the platinum wire. The pencil-wire is insulated, the tip alone remaining uncovered, and by using it as an ordinary pencil and tracing imaginary lines on the surface of the glass, the design is permanently reproduced and distinctly engraven. Flat surfaces may be easily treated in this manner, but the difficulty of keeping convex surfaces covered with the nitrate of potash is likely to prove an obstacle to the general adoption of the system. A specially-constructed bath, however, has been designed, which may possibly overcome the difficulty.

A "MOMENTUM" TORPEDO.—Commodore John A. Howell, U.S.N., has invented a new moveable torpedo, which is driven by the energy stored up in a heavy rotating wheel in its interior. The apparatus is a cylinder with two conical ends, and at each extremity is a two-bladed screw. By the outside gear wheel on the screw shaft, which connects with a motor on board ship, the fly wheel is set rotating; then the contrivance is slid down a boom and into the water, it being supposed that the momentum of the fly wheel will keep the screws rotating long enough to drive the machine ahead for 300 feet or so, in a straight line. Recent trials at Newport were unsuccessful, the rudder not acting well and the torpedo going in every direction but the right one.

A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.

AWAY among the Alleghanies there is a spring so small that an ox, in a summer's day, could drain it dry. It steals its unobtrusive way among the hills till it spreads out in the beautiful Ohio. Thence it stretches away a thousand miles, leaving on its banks more than a hundred villages and cities, and many thousand cultivated farms, and bearing on its bosom more than half a thousand steamboats. Then joining the Mississippi, it stretches away and away some twelve hundred miles more, till it falls into the great embrace of eternity. It is one of the great tributaries of the ocean, which, obedient only to Him, shall roar, till the angel, with one foot on the sea and the other on the land, shall lift up his hand to heaven, and swear that time shall be no longer. So with moral influence. It is a rill—a rivulet—a river—an ocean boundless and fathomless as eternity.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN FOOL.

It is said of many men that the only way to manage them is to climb up on the blind side. The way to their hearts and wills is through their weakness. There is no fair and open way by which they can be controlled. They have slipped into the grooves of chances and routine so effectually that the indescribable quality which we call tact can alone bring them to our wishes.

This is supposed to be the special peculiarity of single men and women, when they reach the riper years of discretion, and become confirmed in their ways; yet the mother with half-a-dozen children will remind you that it takes separate management for each one, and the best system of education implies the separate and personal training of each child, which means the successful control of his foolish part or weakness. Then again, our knowledge of human nature is marked by our regard for this same quality. It is the knowledge of our defects, the possession of each man's secret, the ability always to touch him on his weak side.

It is thus that the fact of our weakness works to our personal disadvantage at the same time that it works for the advantage of designing men who wish to put us under obligations to them. This aiming at one's weak side is the

life of the professions. The minister wins his converts often by preying upon their fears or toying with their sentimentalism. The lawyer gains his case by understanding how to flatter the jury. The physician uses the imagination of the patient as an aid to the natural effect of medicine. The clerk sells his goods, not on their merits, but by flattering the conceit of his customers.

This aiming at each one's weakness is one of the irrepressible instincts by which you can trace original sin. It is what we all use in playing off the one against the other in the contests of life. Some call it the mask of the heart. It is the fact which points the epigram and gives character to proverbs. It is the underlying fact which is always counted on in affairs. It enters into every business operation, as one of the conditions of success, that you can take advantage of one, or steal a march upon him; and trade would lose half its zest and a large portion of its profits if it were not a prime factor of success.

THE NEW MINNEAPOLIS SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

THE new suspension bridge in Minneapolis was completed in 1877, under the direction of Mr. M. Griffith. The span is 675 feet; towers, 111 feet high; roadway, 20 feet wide; foot walks, each 6 feet wide; platform, 40 feet above ordinary stage of water. The cables for the main bridge are nine and a half inches in diameter. The strength of the cables is 10,996,000 pounds, strength of floor stays, 440,000 pounds. The anchorage extends through limestone rock 10 feet thick. An additional protection is made by heavy masonry around each of the four anchors. Cost of the bridge and approaches about £40,000.

Minneapolis was surveyed in 1854. Population in 1870, 18,000; in 1877, 40,000. Capacity of water power, 124,000 horse power. There are 21 flouring mills in the city, manufacturing 1,306,000 barrels of flour annually. There are 20 sawmills, producing 200,000,000 feet of lumber annually. The industries of the city are numerous. Among the many are shingle and lath mills, machine shops, foundries, car shops, woollen, paper, and oil mills, plow, harvester and agricultural works, planing mills, barrel factories, etc., etc. Annual product of manufactures, about £3,400,000.

The city contains 52 churches, 10 large public school buildings, a State university, and numerous seminaries and private schools.

THE LOVE PACT.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Nothing but lifeless flesh and blood,
That could not do me ill;
And yet I feared it all the more
For lying there so still.

HOOD.

THERE was an excellent reason for no letter from her beloved reaching the imprisoned Hélène. It was not however due either to the neglect or forgetfulness of Georges, to the vigilance of the human Cerberus who guarded her, or to any treachery on the part of Lucille.

No such tender, reassuring epistles as the captive girl's heart longed for had been sent, because he whose hand should have penned them had but now returned to a knowledge of and interest in things of earth.

We must here go back to the point at which we left Georges Grandet in his struggle with the singular assailant who had dogged the young man from carriage to carriage of the Paris-bound train.

It will be remembered that the attention both of the Parisian and of his mysterious foe had been arrested in the midst of their frantic struggle by the dull roar of an approaching train and the shrill warning whistle which the driver thereof had sounded as his watchful eyes noted the strange, dark, writhing shadows

which from a train in front of him projected far into air and overhung the track.

The whistle appeared to recall both Georges Grandet and his ferocious foe to a sense of their common danger.

But the shapeless creature realised his peril too late!

Another moment and the approaching train was upon them!

A piercing yell rose on the quiet air of night—the despairing death cry of a human being!

So at least it seemed to Georges as he felt himself drawn forward from the window as carriage after carriage of the passing train shot by.

Each seemed to strike with a dull thud the formless mass without, and at each blow Georges felt the shock transmitted from that inert frame to his own arm—his own heart!

But no voluntary motion, instinct with life, came from the erewhile adversary. After that first terrible shriek it evinced no force, gave breath to no sound, hanging limply yet heavily from the window, sustained by its still clenched grip of teeth, its unloosed grasp of bony fingers, at the Parisian's hand and throat respectively.

In an access of terror Georges strove madly to release himself from this inexorable enemy whose hate seemingly did not perish even with life.

In vain!

He struggled frantically—he shouted, in a weak hope that he might make himself heard by the engine-driver or the guard.

He let go his hold of the carriage door with the one free hand in order to employ his arm in striking furious, aimless blows at that unresisting yet tenaciously clinging form.

But all to no purpose.

The horror of his situation, the pain he suffered from the imprisoned hand still clutched in his shadowy foe's wolf-like fangs, seemed at last to induce a state of delirious trance in Georges Grandet's mind.

He screamed—he shouted—he vociferated imprecations to which his tongue was all unaccustomed—he sang ribald songs! To all intents and purposes he was mad!

Suddenly a thrill appeared to run through the form still hidden by the black mantle.

"It is not dead, then!" thought Georges, with a new fear.

Presently above his imprisoned hand the Parisian discerned the filmy gleaming of a pair of eyes.

The next moment, with a low groan from without, the sharp teeth unclasped, the bony hand relaxed its grip, and the dark shape sank, limp and more than ever formless, on a track beside the line of metals along which the train was speeding.

With a choking sigh Georges sank back upon the floor of the carriage in temporary unconsciousness!

In this condition he was discovered by some fresh passengers at one of the stations nearer Paris and taken charge of by the railway officials.

These succeeded, by application of vigorous measures, in restoring the young man to life; but his strange, incoherent babble, his frenzied look, his flushed features convinced them that he was either a confirmed lunatic or suffering from temporary but severe mental aberration.

It was easy to see that the stranger was a gentleman, and a perquisition of his pockets and valise showed the attentive and kindly officials that he had the wherewithal to pay for due comfort and attendance.

Georges was therefore promptly conveyed to the adjacent town and handed over to the charge of a physician there who was celebrated for his knowledge of cerebral complaints.

It required merely a cursory observation to convince this gentleman that Georges was the victim of a severe brain fever induced by some sudden shock, which he considered the youth and good constitution of the patient would enable him easily and quickly to overcome.

Dr. Pontet was right in his prognostication, and even in less time than he had expected Georges was restored to sanity and ready to resume the journey so strangely interrupted.

The Parisian had indeed ample cause both for anxiety as to the time he had lost and uneasiness with regard to the future.

He well knew that his Bourse speculations required his presence at the metropolis of France. He feared that he had now lost the clue to Cochart's movements; and, last, but worst of all, weary days must have passed over the head of the unhappy prisoner at the old chateau uncheered by those loving billets which he had promised.

No time must now be wasted. A tender epistle relating his late strange adventure, lamenting the time unavoidably lost, but breathing of hopefulness and instinct with fervent love, was at once despatched to Hélène by the mode of communication arranged.

Then Georges wrote a long letter to Captain Mostyn.

He had come to the conclusion that perfect frankness towards the Englishman with regard to what he knew of the mystery surrounding Eugénie would be for their common benefit as well as for that of Hélène.

Hugh was consequently informed of Georges' last visit to la Mère Christine, of the evidently strong interest which the Marquis D'Aubriion had shown respecting the village maiden, and of sundry suspicions which the Parisian had formed that Jacques Cochart had been his disguised companion on the dandy's first visit to the little Norman town.

Georges concluded by strongly advising his English friend to be on his guard against the machinations of the notary if the latter was indeed involved in any plot concerning Eugénie.

Urged by a not ungrounded curiosity, the Parisian next endeavoured to ascertain by cautious queries at the railway station whether anything striking or unusual had been discovered upon the line.

He had fully expected that the lifeless body of his mysterious nocturnal assailant would have been found.

The officials shook their heads sagely and replied in the negative. No one had been killed on their railway they answered, with some hauteur, for a year and a half—their line was much too well managed.

And as Georges left the station he detected a furtive smile on the faces of the men, while one pointed meaningly at his own forehead and murmured:

"Rather touched here, poor young fellow!"

The letter despatched, these queries concluded, and the bills of the hotel and his kind doctor settled, Georges Grandet again took train for Paris—the journey being this time uninterrupted—and reached the gay city in safety.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

You should have seen him wince
As from a venomous thing: he thought himself
A mark for all, and shudder'd lest a cry
Should break his sleep by night. TERNYSON.

HUGH MOSTYN reached the main mouth of the pits and prepared to descend in much better spirits than he had possessed since the first interview he had had with his father respecting his irksome betrothal to Hélène. A load seemed taken from his mind by the resolution to appeal to the Marquis D'Aubriion.

The young man did not realise exactly how the matter was to be brought about, for he felt that Lord Thanet would not grant permission that he should leave home upon any such errand, and Hugh was far too frank and high-spirited to resort to any mean subterfuge even in order to attain an object so near to his heart.

One way at least lay open to him—the boldest, and hence that which appealed most strongly to the soldier.

This was to take his speedy way to France, sending no announcement thereof to the marquis, and leaving even Lord Thanet in ignorance until Hugh was fairly on his way.

Yes. That was the course he would take. He would make one more effort to see Eugénie during the day.

Then on his return home he would make the few necessary preparations and leave home quietly and unnoticed on the morrow.

The young soldier had no dream that the man whom he proposed to seek was momentarily drawing nearer and yet more near to the spot where he now himself stood.

With the usual precautions Hugh descended the shaft and commenced his ordinary course of observation and inquiry.

Hitherto during the few days that the mines had been re-opened he had found the men extremely assiduous at their toil and prepared to give him ever the frankest and most cordial reception at each visit.

Captain Mostyn had always been a favourite with the rough, stalwart coalwinners, and since the affair of the Dover House their liking for him had greatly intensified. It was therefore with considerable surprise that Hugh perceived on the faces of many of the oldest and most trustworthy men a sombre, reserved expression very unusual to them.

When he had convinced himself that this shadow really existed on so many visages, and was not a figment of his own imagination, the young man set himself anxiously and assiduously to learn the cause of this unwonted aspect of things.

He could think of but two possible causes—either dissatisfaction at the rate of wage recently agreed on or some fresh dislike to Rupert Kesterton engendered by new acts of arbitrary insolence.

Most of the men to whom he spoke parried his queries more or less adroitly, and Hugh began to despair of solving the enigma.

He would however make another trial.

As he was proceeding along a working in a less deep seam of coal than the others Captain Mostyn became for the first time aware of an unusual sensation—a slight difficulty of respiration, the like of which he never remembered to have experienced before.

The young man stopped short and told the miner who followed him—an old, hard-featured man—to do the same.

The pitman stopped and faced the captain, the working being of sufficient height at that point to permit of their standing upright, the tremulous flicker of the lamp which the miner carried falling on the black walls around.

"Wright," said the young man, abruptly, "you are one of the oldest and most trusted of the men. I am going to ask you a straightforward question and expect from you an honest reply—not a tricky evasion. Tell me then. Why do you men wear faces as gloomy as if you were mates at a funeral?"

The man shuffled his feet backward and forward uneasily, and the lamp shook in his nerveless hand.

"Speak, man!" cried the captain, impatiently. "Whatever is wrong I at least ought to be apprised of it. Is it the pay—or is it something which Mr. Kesterton has offended you men about?"

"No, sir," replied the old man, stammering. "It is neither of them. We are content with the rate of pay which we agreed to receive; and as for Mr. Kesterton—well, he's your relative, sir, and I'll only say he's neither better nor worse than heallusis. No, it's summat o' more consequence than he is, sir."

"Out with it, then, Wright," said Hugh in tones half annoyed, half persuasive.

"I should ha' done so by-and-bye, ere you quitted the pit, sir," said the man, very gravely, "for I be deputed, as the eldest un amongst us here, to gie you this paper which we've drawn up. I know you can decide on anything that relates to us or to the pits. Read it o'er direct you comes to bank, sir—direct, without fail."

"Confound your mysteries, Wright. Why, I'll read it here," said Hugh, impetuously, taking the paper with one hand while with the other he caught the Davy from the man's hand.

Although the safety lamp was used in the more remote workings it was well known that the Suncross Collieries had always been free from the presence of that deadly foe of the coal miner—fire-damp!

In fact, in all the main galleries open candles were employed, and the use of the Davy in the other parts was only adopted by the men out of deference to the desire of Lord Thanet and his son.

As however Captain Mostyn was about to open the door of the unlocked lamp in order to obtain a better light to peruse the paper, which he supposed to be some disaffected round-robin of the men, Wright snatched the Davy unceremoniously from the young man's hand.

"Not for your life, sir!" he cried, in an agitated voice.

"Are you crazy, Wright?" said Hugh. "Why should I not do as has always—Ha!"

He drew himself up and throwing back his broad shoulders, filled his chest by a deliberate inspiration.

Then he whispered one word in the pitman's ear, fixing meanwhile an anxious look on his set, rugged face.

"'Tis true, sir," was the response, with a sad shake of the head. "We none o' us liked to tell ye—more especially as after being at 'play' we've now got to work again. We hardly liked to say it e'en to oursel'—we darena say it to the wife and 'lile' children at home—for it means clemming, sir, it means weary clemming for the likes o' us—and it means a lump o' brass out o' the old yar's pocket and thysen also, sir."

"Is that what the paper treats of, Wright?" asked Hugh Mostyn, after an interval of painful silence.

In that short space the young man's heart sank strangely.

If this were true how great would be the misery which these rough men, whom he liked so well, must suffer—how terrible the privations which those dear to them must endure; and, for himself, where was now his chance of leaving Mostyn Manor on the errand which was to him of such vital importance?

"Yes, sir," responded Wright, steadily. "It's all put down on that bit o' paper by the best scollard among us, and there's all our names and marks o' some as can't sign."

"Is there?" asked Hugh, with an unwonted tremor in his full, deep voice, "is there immediate danger, Wright?"

"Ay, ay, sir, there be," replied the pitman. "Coom and look here, sir."

He led the way along a low passage, where Hugh felt as he stooped his stately head that the "damp" must be accumulating fast.

From here they gained the lower part of the shaft, whence the working radiated in several directions.

"Look there—and there, sir," said the man, indicating different directions with his hand.

Many specks of light—some fixed, some moving, were visible around, distant and near, as Hugh had often seen them before, but yet with a difference.

Hitherto they had been vivid spots in the blackness, bright as glancing fireflies—now the spots were there still, but muffled and misty as will-o-the-wisps.

All the men were evidently working with lamps.

"Where is the gas supposed to come from?" asked Hugh, in a troubled voice.

"Some of the old workings, long closed, had been approached before the strike. It is supposed the mischief was done there, sir."

The young man looked round meditatively and anxiously at the busy scene without speaking.

"Haden't you better get back at once, sir?" said Wright, presently.

"Why?"

"Well, there's no mistake about the risk o' being here, sir," replied the man. "It's part o' our work and duty, and we take it as a sailor takes storms and shipwrecks. But that's no reason you should throw your life away."

"I will be one of the last men out of the mines," replied Hugh, with some sternness. "Go at once and pass the word to cease working. I will wait here for your return."

As Hugh stood there while the man went on his errand the young soldier's thoughts were very sorrowful.

If this rumour was indeed true not only were his own hopes of happiness involved but the welfare of so many human souls.

He felt that it would be impossible to leave England and trust the pits to Kesterton's management.

It was only too probable that in such a case the latter would take no energetic measures to render the mines workable, as their continuing closed would enable him to gratify his dislike to many of the men by starving them and their families.

When Wright returned he stated that the word would be passed around for the immediate evacuation of the pits, adding that Mr. Kesterton was somewhere about, he had learned, having descended the mine in search of Hugh.

The latter, resolute to be last in leaving the dangerous locality, at once proceeded, accompanied by Wright, to search for his kinsman, while the pitmen were being hoisted to bank.

It was not however fated that they should so meet.

Rupert Kesterton had indeed descended the shaft and in high ill-humour, bearing a message for Captain Mostyn from the Earl of Thanet.

Several causes had conspired to ruffle his temper this morning.

Although the cash he had received from Jacques Cochart relieved him in a slight degree from pressing pecuniary embarrassments, still Kesterton had endeavoured just before starting from Mostyn Manor to extract a considerable sum from the earl.

The old noble had refused the loan—or rather gift—with some asperity, and Kesterton had left the house in high dudgeon.

Some queries relating to his scarred and bruised face from the earl had still further exasperated the young man.

And to add to his vexation he had strong reason to suppose Cochart was busy in carrying out the plot for Eugénie's abduction, and Kesterton had not sufficient confidence in his confederate to trust his good faith in the matter of the five hundred pounds should the notary succeed while the Englishman was not able to keep a vigilant watch.

With a heavier scowl than usual on his unprepossessing face therefore the schemer, attended by one of the men, passed along various branches of the workings to find his kinsman.

Everything combined apparently to increase Kesterton's ill humour.

He felt he was losing valuable time during which Cochart might safely elude him.

The man who guided him was one for whom he had a more than usually vindictive dislike, for he was not sufficiently cringing to suit the arrogant patrician.

Then again the air seemed oppressive, the closed Davy didn't give much light, in consequence of which Kesterton made one or two false steps and sustained several abrasions.

It seemed that the most trivial matters went wrong with him then.

"This infernal place is enough to choke a fellow this morning," he said, presently, pulling up abruptly. "Stop a moment, Mitkens. Do you hear?"

The man obeyed and Kesterton, drawing out his cigar-case, proceeded to make a selection from its contents.

"Hold the lamp up, Mitkens," he said, breaking off the end of a cigar, "and open it."

"Excuse me, Mr. Kesterton, but that there's straight again orders," responded the man, making no motion to obey.

"What the deuce have I to do with orders—or you e'ther when you have my commands?"

"I've this much to do wi' them, sir," answered the man, sturdily—"that I've obeyed 'em 'tis thirty years now, man and boy, sin' I've been in these pits, an' I'm not going to begin as a mutineer again 'em now."

"You'd better not mutiny at mine then I can assure you, my good fellow," said Kesterton, his face assuming a still heavier scowl than that which it already wore. "Do as I tell you at once."

"I'm cussed if I do then," cried the pitman. "Me and my mates, we have to do wi'out our bit o' bacca to comfort oursen wi', and ye may do the same. If you don't care for your own life I do for mine—ay, and for the lives o' my leal mates who toil here i' the pits wi' me."

Kesterton uttered a vindictive exclamation and by a sudden movement caught the lamp from the man's hand.

"I can assure you, fellow," he said, slowly and contemptuously, as he opened the Davy and lighted his cigar with infinite deliberation, "that I do value my own life—yes, value it as worth the whole of the paitry existences of yourself and your dirty, ignorant, disaffected crew here."

Something in the scornful words excited sudden passion in Mitkens's breast.

He in his turn made a rush and tried to snatch the lamp from Kesterton's hand.

The fiend whom he served held strong sway in the latter that morning. He stared sardonically at the assailant, then by a sudden effort hurled the still open lamp along the working as far as possible.

It reached the end of the passage and, curving downward, descended the gloomy pit of the main downward shaft.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Which be they?
Let their mothers see and say!
Nor the matrons that them bore
Could discern their offspring more;
That one moment left no trace
More of human form or face.

BROWN.

As the receding train faded from his view a sentiment of blank despair seized the Marquis D'Aubrión.

It was abundantly evident that his plans had been traversed, his hopes extinguished.

It was not merely that the girl whom he recognised had left by this departing train—that might have been accounted for on the supposition that Eugénie was about to pay a visit to a neighbouring town.

No! The doubt and terror lay hidden in the departing gestures of that rudely gloved hand.

And the deep cogitation of the marquis ended in but a duplicate doubt.

Was the man who had hurled at him that derisive defiance Jacques Cochart in his bodily entity or was it some emissary of the frivolous Georges Grandet?

As he left the station and turned his steps towards Suncross, for thither he had decided that he would still proceed for the purpose of instituting ample inquiries, the mind of the marquis was bent on the solution of this problem.

In vain!

At times some subtle resemblance convinced him that the companion of Eugénie was Cochart—the next minute he found cogent reason to suppose that it was an emissary of Georges.

As he walked thus thoughtfully along the road to Suncross, for he had left his valise at the station, having now no motive for a prolonged stay, the marquis was roused from his reverie by the sound of approaching wheels.

The old man raised his head as the equipage approached, then drooped it more hastily.

For the handsome turn-out held a form and face which he readily recognised.

Despite the years which had passed since the Marquis D'Aubrión had last seen him, despite the white hairs which age had bestowed, the deep wrinkles which care had ruthlessly



[HELENE'S CAPTIVITY.]

furrowed, the marquis did not for one instant doubt that the proud patrician features of the occupant of the carriage which rapidly rolled up were those of his former enemy, his later friend, Lord Thanet.

With a deep groan the marquis let his head sink on his breast as the equipage whirled by.

At that moment he drained to the bitterest dregs that terrible cup which is so often presented to the lips of a proud man who has in a weak moment stepped from the straight and noble road of honour and veracity and lacks the courage to dare the re-entry thereto.

With a heavy, dogged step and with a still heavier heart the old soldier bravely held on his way to Suncross.

"What matters it," his bloodless lips murmured, "that the world, if it but knew, would pour its pitiful scorn on me? What matters it that mine own heart throbs in strong repugnance to the course I have taken? Still—as in the hour when I faced unflinchingly the sharp Cossack spears, or still farther back in the misty years breasted the yet sharper bayonets of those island tigers, the soldiers of England—now, as then, I am in pursuit of honour. Let, above all, the name D'Aubion remain untarnished in the future as in the past."

The tall shafts of the mine engine-house appeared on his right hand and the excited man calmed himself for the task he had before him.

A long sojourn in England in earlier days had rendered the marquis expert in speaking the language. Hence he readily found the Wilmers' cottage.

The surprise of Mrs. Wilmer at the visit of a second foreigner, as she readily conjectured the marquis must be, was extreme.

Nor was it lessened when the Marquis D'Aubion, with as much finesse as could be expected of an old soldier, broke the subject of his errand.

The old dame's heart sank with a sudden and terrible fear when the marquis announced himself as the person commissioned to bear Eugénie back to her Norman home.

"There must be a mistake, sir," she said, falteringly. "A gentleman has already been here this morning and taken my daughter with him."

Mrs. Wilmer invariably spoke of Eugénie as her daughter.

The agitation of the old man was terrible to behold.

Was it not clear that an enemy had out-flanked him?

"Madame," he said, in a tremulous voice, "can you describe this man to me?"

Mrs. Wilmer did so readily to the extent of her somewhat limited descriptive power.

The old Yorkshirewoman, although repelled by Jacques Cochart's appearance, seemed in some strange way drawn towards this dignified and sorrowful stranger.

To the utmost of her simple power Mrs. Wilmer described the individual in whose charge Eugénie had left her roof.

The old man shook his head dubiously. He could not recognise anyone whom he knew in this strange visitor.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the old woman, with anxious emphasis, rising and laying her thin, pale hand on the strong fingers of the marquis. "I fear evil. I did not like the man with the muffled face who took our Janie. But I could trust you, sir. Oh, tell me what does this all mean? What danger overhangs the stranger whom I have learned to love as strongly as if her baby lips had drawn their young life from my own breast?"

The marquis turned his sombre and troubled face towards Mrs. Wilmer to reply.

Just then a cheery "Yo, ho!" sounded outside.

The next moment the rude latch was lifted and Robert Wilmer stepped lightly into the room.

"Oh, my boy!" cried Mrs. Wilmer as she fell on his neck. "Something is wrong! I fear me much that your poor old, foolish mother has been deceived, and that dear little Janie, whom we both love so well, has fallen into evil hands!"

Then she briefly recapitulated the events of the forenoon.

Robert Wilmer listened with a brow knitted in deep perplexity.

At the conclusion he turned to the marquis.

"I can see you are a gentleman, sir," he said. "Will you pledge me your word of honour that you are the accredited agent of Madame Christine to take charge of my sister to her own land?"

"I will," replied the marquis, solemnly.

He could at least say that with a clear conscience.

"There's no time then to be lost," said Robert to himself. "Stay for me here, sir, for half an hour," he went on, addressing the marquis, and, snatching up his hat, the young man left the house.

"I know Captain Mostyn is in the pits," he thought as he rushed into the open air. "He must know of this first of all. Poor girl! My dear sister! in whose hands have you fallen?" In his excitement the young man ran towards the shaft of the pit. He had covered half the space which intervened when he halted with the suddenness of a man death-stricken.

A strange, dull roar in the earth beneath, a peculiar, dead glow in the heaven above, the eddying rush of a storm wind, on whose wings came beams of broken wood, masses of heavy earth, distorted corpses of human clay—all mingled in ghastly terror!

With a cry of bitter agony Robert Wilmer's words found way.

"An explosion of fire-damp! Oh, heavens! No soul spared! And my friend—for he is my dear friend—Hugh Mostyn hurled up into air a lifeless corpse amidst this maddening wrack!"

(To be Continued.)



[IN PERIL.]

THE LORD OF STRATHMERE; OR, THE HIDDEN CRIME.

CHAPTER XII.

We drifted in the shadows blue,
Across the waters still and bright.

THE afternoon had deepened into sunset. The sky was a blaze of gold and crimson; the ocean looked like a sea of blood, reflecting the glow of colour from every wave.

The wind was still blowing freshly, and the boat sped onward like a bird over the waters. The occupants of the little craft, maddened with hunger and thirst, sullen and hopeless, awaited greedily the expected horror of the night.

But not all of them. The good doctor sat with bowed head, feebly praying to Heaven for help and mercy.

The lovers, wrapt in each other, paid no heed to their companions.

There was something strangely solemn in Chandos's manner—a deeper tenderness, a sweetness that contrasted singularly with the strength and grandeur of his character, and Gerda was so impressed by it that she forgot even her father.

Mr. Pelham had not the heart to call her away from Chandos.

When Lord Strathmere suggested her recall he said, in a husky whisper:

"Let her be! Whatever the man is, he was once her accepted lover. If he killed his uncle it was that he might be free to marry her. I cannot part them now, knowing what is to happen to-night. Let them have their last in-

terview, Baron. To-morrow he will be out of our way for ever; afterwards it may be some comfort to Gerda that I let her stay with him."

"She must never know his fate," whispered Lord Strathmere. "We will tell her that he got delirious in the night and sprang overboard."

The lovers heard nothing of this sinister discussion.

"Must we die, Ralph?" Gerda was saying, in a low and tremulous voice.

"Yes," he answered, with a strange, sweet smile on his lips; "death is very near. It may come to-night to one of us. Whatever happens, Gerda, if it be that I go first remember that I loved you with a passionate worship, and that I was innocent of my uncle's murder."

"Remember! Why, I shall not survive you, Ralph. We shall die together. My poor boy, you have borne the cross here on this earth; surely there is a crown for you up yonder," and she raised her dusky eyes reverently. "We shall soon be there, Ralph, dear."

"If I should go first, Gerda," he said, and his voice was very clear, his eyes brave and fearless, "you must not grieve for me. If I should die and you should be saved—that might happen, you know," and he smiled again—"then you will try still to clear my name, will you not? I think that some time you may discover my uncle's murderer. If I were in Heaven I should rejoice that my name had been cleared from all shadow of dishonour. 'I leave everything in your hands, darling.'"

"You speak as if you expected to die, and as if I might survive you, Ralph. You look so strangely. What do you mean?"

She regarded him with an anguished scrutiny that tortured him.

He felt as if an iron hand had suddenly clutched his heart, and to avoid betraying agitation he said abruptly, rising:

"Let me look again for a sail. It will soon be night. If help ever comes it should be near now."

He mounted the seat, and, shading his eyes

with his hand, swept a keen glance around him.

Lord Strathmere smiled bitterly at the movement which seemed so utterly vain. Mr. Pelham shuddered, repressing a groan.

The good old doctor's grey head sunk upon his bosom.

Into Mr. Gray's dulled eyes came a gleam of pity.

And still Chandos gazed, without hope or expectation, simply that he might avoid meeting again Miss Pelham's eyes until he had grown calmer.

No sail—no gleam of white on the horizon. But what was that?

A mirage?

An optical illusion? The mockery of a wandering brain?

Chandos rubbed his eyes, and continued his stare.

"I must be going mad," he muttered.

"What is it, Ralph?" asked the tender young voice at his elbow, with quick eagerness. "Is it a ship?"

She sprang up on the seat beside him, and, shielding her eyes also, looked in the direction in which they were going.

She saw then the vision he had seen—a low blue line like a distant shore, with lofty trees upon it.

It did not seem ten miles distant.

"Land!" cried Gerda, clasping her hands together. "I see land!"

"Where? Where?" cried every one, in a breath.

A moment before they had all been inert and almost lifeless.

Now they sprang to their feet and eagerly scanned the southern horizon.

None so feeble then but that they saw it—that low, distant shore.

But none saw the trees which Chandos and Gerda fancied they had seen.

"It's an illusion," said Lord Strathmere, hoarsely; "a regular mirage."

"It is a low bank of cloud," said Mr. Pelham.

"I have seen such every day for a week, and fancied them all islands."

"It is land!" cried Mr. Gray. "Heaven be thanked! We are saved! We are saved!"

Gerda sat down again, her small store of strength spent in her sudden excitement.

But Ralph Chandos continued to watch the distant blue line, now hoping, now doubting.

His life was at stake, but he did not think of himself.

His thoughts were all of Gerda.

The golden and crimson glow began to fade from sky and sea, and the light fell swiftly, as it does in southern climes. The yellow moon and stars shed their radiant splendour upon the wide waste of waters.

"Your land has proved itself a mirage or a cloud," sneered Lord Strathmere. "It disappeared with the sun."

"I cannot see it now," admitted Chandos, resuming his seat, "but we are headed directly for it. Two hours, with this wind, will bring us to it."

"I know of no island in this part of the Indian Ocean," said Mr. Gray, reflectively.

"Indeed!" said Dr. Marsh, with an approach to sarcasm. "What part of the Indian Ocean are we in, since you seem to know, sir?"

The officer coloured.

Dr. Marsh knew as much as himself of the latitude and longitude.

"We are out of the course of ships," said Miss Pelham, "as is proven by the fact that during our voyage of three weeks we have seen none. We must have gone considerably to the southward. Perhaps we are about to discover some island no white man has ever visited."

"And perhaps we'll find our convicts there ahead of us," suggested Lord Strathmere. "If this should prove to be an island the discovery may not better our lot. If the convicts are not in possession of it it may be inhabited by savages who will kill us. I hope that it is not land, for if it is we must be so far out of the usual track of vessels that we shall never be rescued."

The boat sped on through the moonlight and starlight.

Every few minutes Chandos resumed his observations.

But it was nearly an hour when he called attention again to the blue line of coast, and then it was so plainly outlined that even the most sceptical was convinced of its character.

"Another hour will see us on its shore," said Mr. Pelham, his round face brightening. "There must be food there. I am sure that I can make out trees."

From that moment the attention of everyone was absorbed in the endeavour to make out the line of shore and the vegetation upon it.

After half an hour further an effort was no longer necessary. Trees could be distinctly seen.

There was no longer scepticism; even Lord Strathmere had forgotten his speculations in regard to convicts and savages, and was all excitement.

They could make out that they were approaching an island, from the centre of which arose a tall mountain peak, several thousand feet in height, and which was distinctly outlined against the bright night sky.

As they drew still nearer they made out the irregular coast with its dark bluffs and inlets, with plentiful vegetation, and without signs of occupation.

Chandos guided the boat skilfully. She rounded a tall headland and glided into a wide open bay.

A few minutes more and the little craft grated on the pebbly beach of the island.

Lord Strathmere was the first to spring ashore.

"Give me your hand, Miss Gerda," he exclaimed. "Oh, how delightful it is to set foot once more upon firm soil!"

He assisted Gerda upon the beach, but she was so weak from want of food, and her limbs were so cramped from lack of exercise, that she could neither stand nor walk.

She sat down on the beach while her father

and Mr. Gray came ashore. The doctor followed; Chandos came last of all.

The change to land from the rocking motion of the boat struck them all disagreeably at first. It was some minutes before even Mr. Gray could walk with any degree of steadiness.

"Our first necessity is food," said Lord Strathmere.

"We will attend to it directly," said Chandos. "The vegetation is profuse; we cannot have difficulty in finding something to eat."

He brought the blanket from the boat, folded it, and placed it on the beach as a cushion for Miss Pelham. Then he took a survey of the scene.

The beach was wide, and back of it was stretched a grove of trees luxuriantly developed and in full vegetation.

There were no signs of human occupancy; the island looked as if it had never been visited before by a white man.

"If there are savages they live in the interior, or upon some other point of the coast," said Mr. Gray.

"There is a risk in penetrating into the wood," said Lord Strathmere. "Yet how can we wait until morning to satisfy our hunger? I am faint. Miss Pelham must be actually suffering. Who will brave the unknown perils of this island in the effort to obtain food for us?"

"I will," said Chandos, quietly.

He secured the pistols he had taken from the cabin of the "Clytemnestra," examined them carefully, and took a few steps in the direction of the interior. Gerda called him back.

"Don't go, Ralph," she pleaded. "We can wait until morning. There may be savages or convicts."

"Then we should know of their proximity in time to make our escape or prepare our defence," answered Ralph Chandos, gravely. "We are starving; we cannot wait until morning for food. I must go."

He moved onward slowly. At the edge of the wood he paused.

"I shall be back within an hour with my report, if all goes well," he said, quietly. "If I am delayed much beyond that period you may know that some harm has happened to me, and you must look to yourselves."

With this he strode into the wood and disappeared.

Lord Strathmere stretched himself upon the beach and closed his eyes wearily.

Mr. Pelham sat down beside his daughter, rejoicing in the escape of Chandos from the fate that had impended, but not hopeful for his own or his daughter's future.

The doctor was silent, wakeful and watchful. Mr. Gray sank into a stupor produced by starvation and overfatigue.

Gerda kept her eyes upon the spot at which her lover had vanished.

The minutes crept slowly by. The waves washed monotonously on the beach, and now and then there were other sounds that startled the listeners.

An hour passed—Chandos did not return. Gerda grew anxious.

A second hour followed the first, and still he did not come.

A strange terror seized upon her.

"Oh, papa!" she cried, breaking the long silence, "something has happened to Ralph!"

The others, excepting the doctor, had been asleep.

They all started up feebly, all alarm and excitement, at the sound of Miss Pelham's voice.

"What is it?" cried Lord Strathmere. "Has Chandos got back yet?"

"No," replied Mr. Pelham. "And that is the trouble. He has been gone two hours, at least. He said if he was not back in an hour we were to be on our guard."

"He may have met with some accident," suggested the doctor. "Someone ought to go and look for him."

"We will do better to look after ourselves," said Lord Strathmere. "He may have fallen into the hands of an enemy. We had better get into the boat, ready to push off at a minute's notice."

He set the example by clambering into the boat, Miss Pelham declining his offer of assistance, and clinging to her father.

"You must come, Gerda," said Mr. Pelham; "I insist upon it. We shall be safer there."

Gerda obeyed with reluctance. The party was transferred to the little craft, and there waited expectantly.

"At the first sound of hostility, Mr. Gray," said Lord Strathmere, "you must push off the boat. We must prolong our lives as long as possible, even if we must die in a day or two by starvation. No doubt something has happened to Chandos. Now, all be on your guard! Listen!"

CHAPTER XIII.

The dry crust under love's touch
Grows sweet, for love's dear sake.

THE island in the Southern Indian Ocean, far remote from the usual routes of travel, to which Ralph Chandos and his companions had been driven, was a desolate and almost barren rock, set in the midst of fretting waves, guarded on nearly all sides by outlying, jagged, half-submerged reefs, and brooded over for ever by an awful loneliness—a dreariness as terrible as it was profound.

Of volcanic origin, it was some three leagues in length by two in breadth, shaped somewhat like a turtle in its outlines, but having one small and safe harbour, that into which the little boat had entered.

From the midst of this island rose the peak which the voyagers had noticed—a bare and rocky summit, grim and bald, which, for months of every year, was covered with snow.

The grove of trees bordering the little bay comprised nearly the entire vegetation of the island.

Beyond its limits was a section of underbrush and stunted growth; beyond that were stones in curious upheaval, looking like the remains of original chaos.

A spot more grim and desolate could scarcely be conceived.

A harsh and rigorous climate for more than half the year had unfitted it for the habitation of man.

Even the trees were slowly dying, and more than half of them stood sapless and leafless, while many lay prostrate on the ground, having been felled by the fierce ocean blasts.

When Ralph Chandos quitted his companions in search of food, he plunged into the shadow of the grove, as we have stated.

The undergrowth at this point was scanty, and he had no difficulty in making his way towards the interior of the island.

He was too weak to move with rapidity, even had he not been too cautious.

Clambering over fallen trees, he came out into the region of stunted vegetation.

Now, the bright starlight lit up the strange scene with weird effect.

No sign of human life was anywhere to be seen.

His fevered gaze beheld nowhere anything that might serve as food for his starving companions.

He kept on his course slowly and wearily to the opposite side of the island.

Here were the scattered rocks—the curious upheaval we have described.

He sat down upon one of them near the shore, a sense of weakness preventing, for the moment, further locomotion.

As he sat there, a profound despair gathering over his soul, a singular spectacle was presented to his gaze.

Strange, dusky creatures, with lumbering motions, splashed in the water and climbed the rocks upon the shore, lying there wet, and panting—shapeless masses which Chandos watched for many minutes as if fascinated.

He was so weakened by labour and starvation that his first sentiment on beholding these creatures was a sort of stupid wonder.

It was some time before he comprehended that these mysterious creatures must be seals.

But when he did a new life and activity came to him. Some dim remembrance of accounts he had read of seal-hunting came to him.

There was no need to starve where seals were so plentiful.

He arose and retraced his steps to the grove. He had no difficulty in finding here a huge club, a branch of a tree broken off by another tree in falling upon it.

With this weapon he returned to the shore. Creeping from rock to rock, he approached the seals, which were still splashing in the water or lying on the rocks.

He came near unobserved. Watching his chance, he crept up beside one dusky monster, and with a sudden flash of his old strength, dealt it a ponderous blow upon the head, between the eyes, that stunned it.

The remaining seals slipped back into water, not frightened, it seemed, but with a sort of lazy wonder at the unprecedented occurrence.

Chandos followed up his advantage by stabbing the seal with his knife.

Then he cut from it as much meat as he could well carry, and staggered back in the direction he had come.

The return journey was very difficult. His expenditure of strength had brought exhaustion.

He was obliged to sit down frequently, and two or three hours had elapsed between the time of his setting out upon his expedition and his return.

He found the harbour-beach deserted, and glanced about him wondering.

As he detected his companions seated in the boat, he was hailed by Mr. Gray, who called out sharply:

"Is that you, Chandos?"

Our hero replied in the affirmative, and deposited the meat he had brought upon the ground, and hastened to collect branches of dry wood.

The occupants of the boat returned to the beach.

Lord Strathmere had a match-safe in his pocket, and a fire was lighted, and the little party gathered round it.

"You were gone long enough, Chandos," said the baron, harshly. "I suppose you found plenty of food and waited to take your own supper before returning to us?" he added, with a sneer.

Chandos's face flushed, but he controlled himself.

"I have been to the opposite side of the island—a full mile," he replied, quietly. "I killed a seal, but I have eaten nothing."

"A likely story!" said Lord Strathmere. "You have been away three hours."

He continued to grumble, while Chandos divided the meat into steaks and laid them upon the hot coals to broil.

The savory odour they emitted excited his companions, who gathered around him.

Miss Pelham received the first share, upon the end of a small stick.

The old ship's doctor was next attended to.

Lord Strathmere ravenously seized upon a steak and hurried away with it, after the manner of a dog with a bone.

Mr. Pelham was cared for, Mr. Gray was served, and, last of all, Chandos, who had officiated as purveyor and cook, paid heed to his own wants.

The meat was of peculiar flavour, and, without salt, it was not remarkably delightful to the taste, but the six famished voyagers devoured it as eagerly as if it had been the most delicious viand in the world.

Sitting in the starlight and moonlight on the sands of the lonely beach, they presented a strange spectacle at their midnight feast.

When they had eaten to repletion, Chandos announced the discovery of a spring of water in the grove.

The tin cup was taken from the boat and thirst was quenched with a water more delightful than any drink the wanderers had ever before known.

The fire had died down to embers. Lord

Strathmere, made comfortable in his inner man, stretched himself upon the sands to sleep. The others, one by one, followed his example, Miss Pelham and her father keeping near together and apart from the others.

Before she slept, Gerda had given her lover a word and look of tender thanks for his unselfish care of others, and that word and look haunted him long after he was left alone in the weird solitude.

For an hour or more he sat wakeful and thoughtful, but weariness at length conquered him also, and he lay down and slumbered.

It was morning when he awakened, and the sun was an hour high. His companions still slept.

He arose softly and retired to a safe distance and to a sheltered spot, and took a bath in the sea.

His simple toilet was soon made, his clothes shaken and brushed with his hands, his hair and beard combed with his fingers, and he then set out upon an expedition in search of breakfast.

By common and tacit consent he seemed to be looked upon as the natural purveyor of the party, just as he had taken the lead in the management of the boat at sea.

His meal of the previous night and his bath had given him new strength, and he accepted his responsibilities as a matter of course.

A walk along the coast for a distance of a quarter of a mile brought him within view of a breeding-ground of penguins.

The awkward, ungainly birds presented a ludicrous sight as he advanced upon them. They had never seen man before, and did not retreat at our hero's approach.

Their tameness and indifference to him made Chandos's task more difficult, since it is not easy to kill a creature that regards one's approach with fearless trust.

But necessity knows no law, and Chandos knocked over a bird with a stick and appropriated its eggs, which were evidently newly laid and in edible condition.

With these trophies he returned to the camp. His companions were all astir. Each had selected for himself some secluded spot for a bath and they had refreshed their toilets as much as lay in their power.

Miss Pelham looked cheerful and welcomed Chandos's return with a warm smile. The old doctor seemed also in good spirits.

Lord Strathmere was grumbling; Mr. Pelham was expressing his regrets that he ever left England and Pelham Wold; and Mr. Gray was pacing the beach, impatient and anxious, full of dismal forebodings. No one had taken a step in search of food, and Chandos's return was hailed with delight.

A fire was made. The penguin was prepared for the coals and laid upon them, and the eggs were buried in hot ashes.

The simple meal was presently ready and was eagerly devoured, Mr. Pelham and Lord Strathmere, when their appetites had become somewhat appeased, indulging in reminiscences of feasts in England, rehearsing the dainties they best liked and dilating upon their favourite wines.

"If any man had told me a year ago," said the banker plaintively, flourishing a long bone of the unfortunate penguin to give melancholy emphasis to his declaration, "if anyone had told me that to-day I should be squatted like a savage upon the shore of a wretched, forsaken little rock in the Southern Indian Ocean, devouring to the last scrap the flesh off the leg of one of the most miserable birds in existence, I would have procured a warrant for the commitment of that person for Hanwell. I should have deemed him a lunatic."

"The penguin isn't a handsome fowl," remarked Chandos, "but my stomach regards him with favour. He affords a pleasant alternative from starvation."

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Pelham. "If we hadn't come upon this island, what should we have done? We must inevitably have starved to death. We could not have held out more than a day longer."

She had no suspicion of the frightful alternative to starvation which the men of the party had settled upon.

Chandos appeared very busy raking out the baked eggs; the baron and the banker exchanged significant glances.

"I suppose," said Lord Strathmere, gloomily, "that our diet will henceforth alternate between penguin and seal. The island is a horrible prison. Is there no hope of rescue, Mr. Gray? Where do you think we are?"

"I cannot tell you with any degree of approach to accuracy, my lord," replied the officer. "I only know that we are out of the lines of travel, and that we are not likely to be rescued. It looks to me as if no human being had ever set foot on this rock before us, and as if none would ever come here voluntarily. I regard our rescue as impossible!"

"My good Lord!" groaned Mr. Pelham, raising his eyes to Heaven.

"But, Mr. Gray," cried Lord Strathmere angrily, "this won't do. This won't do at all, sir. Rescue impossible? Be good enough to remember, sir, that I am Governor-General of Australia, a peer of the realm, a nobleman of influence. Rescue impossible? Do you suppose that I shall not be missed? Do you suppose that the English Government will not make a thorough search for me?"

Mr. Gray shook his head sorrowfully.

"My lord," he answered, "I am well aware of your political and social importance, but we must remember that the English Government will not know your lordship's present whereabouts. People at home will naturally suppose the ship to be lost at sea. Those convicts are not going to run into some port and proclaim their mutiny and our fate."

Mr. Pelham again groaned heavily. The worthy banker cared not so much for himself as for his daughter.

That she should be condemned to live and die on this lonely isle, this desolate rock, seemed to him a possibility too terrible for consideration.

He turned his gaze from her lovely young face to the glittering sea that shut them in like prison walls, and murmured:

"I will not believe that we shall be left here for months and years. Heaven will not forsake us. What have we ever done, that we should be punished like this?"

Lord Strathmere's swarthy face was reddened, and his thin lips drew themselves tightly over his white teeth in a ghastly smile.

Hypocrite, traitor, murderer, he knew well his own deserts, and yet no pang of fear less justice had overtaken him, at last, thrilled his guilty soul.

"There is no use in repining or fretting," he observed, with an attempt at philosophy. "Here we are upon a beastly rock in the midst of the ocean, and the problem we are to consider is how we are to get away from it. We shall wait in vain for rescue. If we stop here very long we shall endure the horrors of a rigorous climate. Look at the snow on yonder peak. All the food we are likely to obtain is such as we have already tasted. How long shall we be able to subsist upon seal and penguin? What are we to do?"

"We are worn out with our long voyage," said the good old doctor, "and with starvation. The first thing to do is to recruit our strength. We are not called upon to decide upon the spur of the moment our future course. Our first duty is to rest."

This idea, so eminently practical, met with general favour. The members of the party proceeded to act upon it.

Lord Strathmere stretched himself out upon the beach in an easy attitude. Mr. Pelham followed his example.

Mr. Gray attended to the boat and its contents. The doctor and Miss Pelham set off upon a tour of investigation, searching for edible roots or plants. Chandos wandered away by himself to the scene of his previous night's exploit.

He found the remains of the seal he had killed.

and proceeded to strip off its skin, which he stretched upon the ground to dry.

Then, with remembrances of books he had read in earlier days upon the habits of Esquimaux, he extracted the sinews of the seal and formed from them fish lines.

His knife enabled him to make a hook from a small bone.

He baited this hook with a piece of the flesh of the seal and waded out to a rock, the head of which barely arose above the water.

Here he stationed himself for the next hour, his ingenuity resulting in the easy acquirement of several fine, fat fishes, in appearance closely resembling salmon.

He returned with his prizes to the shore, wrapped his fish in wet leaves, and prepared to return to the camp.

Before he had taken a step in that direction, however, Miss Pelham and Dr. Marsh appeared upon the beach.

Their arms were filled with green branches, and the young lady had in her hand a few forlorn-looking flowers.

They looked surprised and pleased at sight of him, and he displayed his trophies with pride.

Seals were climbing the half-submerged rocks, and splashing in and out of the sea.

Penguins were to be seen at a little distance.

A few water-fowl were discovered, but all this life and animation served only to make the general desolation and dreariness more marked and intense.

The three seated themselves upon the rocks. The young couple were cheerful and even light-hearted.

Chandos had lost, with his convict garb, much of his sternness and haggard looks.

Here, he was no longer set apart as one under ban.

He was necessary to the comfort and well-being of his companions, and he was continually in the presence of the girl he loved.

Not all the cold scorn and contemptuous treatment of his cousin, Lord Strathmere, or the coldness of Mr. Gray, could arouse his resentment or dampen his satisfaction at the changed aspect of his affairs.

He would have been willing to spend the remainder of his blighted life upon this dreary rock, and it must be confessed that Miss Pelham shared his willingness.

She had had a long and confidential talk with the doctor during their ramble, in relation to Chandos, and had been greatly comforted at the doctor's assurance of his belief in Chandos's innocence of the crime for which he had been condemned.

"We have found a few roots," said the doctor, exhibiting them, "but they are probably more or less poisonous. There are no fruits, no berries, nothing in the vegetable line upon the island. A more forsaken spot—ah, I see something that resembles berries yonder. I must investigate them."

He hurried away, leaving the lovers together.

The worthy doctor took good care not to go out of sight of the young pair, but he turned his back to them and appeared so absorbed in his search for vegetable food that they quite forgot his proximity.

For the first time since their interview in the prison-cell at Lewes they could converse with entire frankness, without the fear of being overheard.

During the next half-hour they were not interrupted, and Miss Pelham employed the time, not in discussing their present hardships, but in conveying to him, with all the delicacy of a true and loving woman, the assurance of her unchanged love and respect, and her determination, if rescue should ever come, to clear his name from the odium that now covered it, and restore him to his proper rank and the esteem of his fellow-men.

"The doctor believes you innocent, Ralph," she said. "If one man can be convinced of your innocence, in the face of all the proofs against you, why may not others be?"

"You forget, Gerda, that the doctor is the only person living, beside yourself, who doubts my guilt. Your father knew me well, yet he believed me guilty. My own cousin, who has known me from my earliest childhood, believes me a murderer. I have no chance whatever of being cleared. I almost wish we might live here all our lives and die here."

"My poor boy!" said Gerda, with ineffable pity and tenderness: "Let us hope on to the end. I have had strange speculations as to the real murderer."

"What sort of speculation?"

"I will tell you some time. It is too soon to speak now, since I have no proofs, and I may be mistaken. You told me once that you had no enemy. You have one, Ralph, who is deep, bitter, and terrible. I have seen his glance follow you in a hatred too deep for description."

"An enemy? Who?"

"Norman Brabazon—Lord Strathmere!"

Chandos started.

He knew that he had never been a favourite with his cousin.

He had known by instinct from boyhood that he had stood in Brabazon's way, and that his cousin regarded him with dislike and aversion; but he had conceived a high respect for his unscrupulous relative, who had stood well before the world, and he believed Brabazon to be, like himself, a man of honour and uprightness.

"He has reason to hate me," he said, bitterly, after a little reflection. "He thinks that I have brought dishonour upon the name I bear, and that I murdered the uncle whose favourite he was. He hates me; I know it; but he justifies his hatred by the thought that I deserve it."

Miss Pelham made no answer.

If she had any suspicions in regard to the murder of the late Lord Strathmere, she kept them to herself.

The time had not arrived to divulge them.

The doctor returned in triumph with a few rusty-looking berries, and some roots which he believed to be edible.

Chandos took up his fish, and the three made their way across the island to the camp.

Lord Strathmere scowled as he saw Miss Pelham and his hated cousin returning together. Policy led him to repress all further sign of disapprobation.

He sprang up and advanced to meet the young lady, who drew his attention from herself to the fish, and escaped to her father's side.

"Gerda," said Mr. Pelham, gravely, as she sat down beside him, "whether we escape from this island, or are doomed to perish here years hence, one thing must be understood. You must avoid Ralph Chandos. A murderer, a convict, as he is, is no fitting companion for the heiress of Pelham Wold."

"Papa," answered the girl, with a little flash of indignation, "the 'heiress of Pelham Wold' would starve to death upon this island but for Ralph Chandos. He is a convict, but he is no murderer. Oh! papa, we are all companions in misfortune, all dependent upon Ralph. In Heaven's name, let us treat him with the old kindness!"

The banker shook his head sorrowfully.

"Let him bear the burden of his guilt!" he said, solemnly. "His uncle's blood is on his hands. Let him be an outcast like Cain for evermore! You must never for one instant forget the gulf between him and you!"

(To be Continued.)

A MERRY HEART.

I WOULD rather be poor and merry than inherit the wealth of the Indies with a discontented spirit. A merry heart, a cheerful spirit, from which laughter wells up as naturally as springs bubble, are worth all the money bags and mortgages of the city. The man who laughs is a doctor, with a diploma endorsed by the school of nature; his face does more good in a sick room than a pound of powders or a gallon of bitter draughts. If things go right, he laughs

because he is pleased; if they go wrong, he laughs because it is cheaper and better than crying.

People are always glad to see him, and their hands instinctively go half way to meet his grasp, while they turn involuntarily from the clammy touch of the dyspeptic, who speaks on the groaning key. He laughs you out of your faults, while you never dream of being offended with him; it seems as if sunshine came into the room with him, and you never know what a pleasant world you are living in until he points out the sunny streaks on its pathway.

Who can help loving the whole-souled, genial laughter? Not the buffoon, nor the man who classes noise with mirth, but the cheery, contented man of sense and mind! A good-humoured laugh is the key to all breasts. The truth is that people like to be laughed at in a genial sort of way. If you are making yourself ridiculous you want to be told of it in a pleasant manner, not sneered at. And it is astonishing how frankly the laughing population can talk without treading on the sensitive toes of their neighbours.

Why will the people put on long faces when it is so much easier and more comfortable to laugh? Tears come to us unsought and unbidden. The wisest art in life is to cultivate smiles, and to find the flowers where others shrink away for fear of thorns.

CONVICTED.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE Lady Vivian Clyffe had been more deeply wounded by Alex's apparent deceitfulness than the girl could even imagine.

Proud and self-contained as was the duke's sister, icy cold and haughty, sufficient unto herself, as she seemed, the wonderful maternal instinct, unconsciously to herself, had warmed her heart to Alex, and she had grown to love her with a passionate tenderness, a grand and generous devotion.

The girl's seeming ingratitude and unworthiness shocked her.

She had slept but little upon the night before Alex's departure for Mount Heron.

She fell asleep after Alex went away, but it was the sleep of utter exhaustion.

When she awakened it was with a bitter sense of loss, a deep and torturing sorrow, as if she had laid some idol in the grave out of her sight for ever.

The companionship of her guests was distasteful to her.

She remained in her room for hours, silent and troubled.

Her faith in Alex had received a great shock, yet remembering the pure sapphire eyes, the innocent brows, the child-like sweetness of the young face, she doubted her own judgment and refused to trust in the appearances that seemed so dark and conclusive.

She said to herself that she would believe still in her young companion; that Alex's visitor might have been the young Earl of Kingscourt, although Lady Markham had asserted to the contrary, and that the girl had been too proud, or too deeply wounded to declare the truth.

For the next day and night she battled with her doubts.

"If it was the earl who came to see her in that clandestine fashion," said Lady Vivian to herself upon the second day of Alex's absence, "and I can't believe it, although it is possible—it was not absolutely wrong, but it was very imprudent. I must get the truth from him. He shall be free to see her when he will, if she returns to me. I must see him at once and question him."

Accordingly, she wrote a note to the earl, requesting his presence at Clyffebourne, and despatched it by a special messenger to Mount Heron.

A couple of hours later Lord Kingscourt was shown into her morning room.

She arose to receive him, and he marked her pallor and evidences of suffering upon her face.

"Are you ill, Lady Vivian?" he asked, in quick sympathy.

"Nearly so, I admit," she answered, trying to smile. "I have sent for you, Lord Kingscourt, to talk with you in strict confidence upon a subject of the deepest interest to us both. I refer to Miss Strange."

She seated herself, and motioned the young earl to a chair near her.

"You will pardon my entering upon a subject without circumlocution," said her ladyship. "This young girl has won my love to a most extraordinary degree. She has told me of her acquaintance with you in Greece; that it was at her father's house you were so long ill, and she has told me that you were her lover."

The earl bowed assent.

"She did not tell me why she did not marry you," said Lady Vivian, "and I did not like to force her confidence. I inferred that there was some obstacle to the marriage."

"Her father refused his consent, madame, and she refused to marry me without it."

"That was noble and right. I sent for you, my dear earl, to say to you that if Alex returns to me you must consider yourself at liberty to visit her quite as if she were my young sister and you were a favourite suitor."

The earl expressed his thanks.

"You say 'if she returns,'" he said. "Is there a doubt as to her return? Does she intend to stay with Mrs. Ingestre?"

"Miss Strange went away under my displeasure," responded Lady Vivian, her cheeks flushing. "Your visit to her the evening before last in the grounds was witnessed by Lady Markham, who misconstrued it. Miss Strange was too proud to tell me the name of her visitor, and I know it now only by intuition."

"There is some strange mistake," exclaimed the earl. "I did not call at Clyffe-bourne that evening. I have never called here to see Miss Strange alone, nor have I seen her except when you have known of my visit."

"Then what does it mean?" demanded Lady Vivian. "With whom did Miss Strange part at a late hour of the evening in these grounds with kisses and embraces?"

"With no one!" cried Lord Kingscourt, sternly. "Lady Markham is mistaken."

"But Alex owned she had parted with some one whom she would not name."

"But, Lady Vivian, she knows no one in England. She has no relatives here, and her father is in Greece. She has not been in England since her babyhood until now. This charge against her is monstrous—incredible!"

Lady Vivian touched a bell and sent a servant to request the presence of Lady Markham.

The baronet's widow appeared and told her story with the circumstantiality of perfect truth.

No cross-questioning could shake her testimony.

She described the kisses and embraces exchanged between Alex and her secret visitor with close accuracy.

Lord Kingscourt was amazed and staggered, but his faith in Alex did not once waver.

"Can you describe this man?" she asked.

"Oh, yes. I did not have a perfect view of him, the night being dark, but I saw that he was tall, and that he wore a beard. He was a young man, I should judge," said Lady Markham, forming her opinion as she proceeded. "As young, or younger than yourself, Lord Kingscourt, and handsome."

This description diverted the earl's thoughts from any possible reversion to Mr. Strange. But, as he believed Alex's father to be in Greece, it is not likely that he would have connected him with this secret visitor.

"There is some mystery about the affair," he said, when the whole story had been gone over; "but I pledge you my honour as a gentleman, Lady Vivian, that Miss Strange is innocent of any shadow of wrong-doing. I do not believe that any strange man kissed her lips. Only her own statement to me to that effect would con-

vince me. I doubt if even that would. I know her so well, Lady Vivian, that I would not believe the testimony of an angel against her."

A warm smile lighted up the Lady Vivian's face.

She held out her hand to the earl, who grasped it in a firm clasp.

"Still," said her ladyship, after a moment's silence, "after the half confession Alex made to me, it is necessary that she extend her confidences. I must know who this visitor of hers is, and why he did not come to the house and ask for her. It is your duty, as her lover, to talk with her upon this matter. She is so innocent, so ignorant of the world, that she may have become drawn into some entanglement without fault of her own. She journeyed alone from Greece to Paris. Perhaps this man is some chance acquaintance of her journey, who has followed her and seeks to annoy her. He may be a scapegrace brother or other relative. At any rate, it is plain that Miss Strange needs a friend and confidant, and I would gladly help her, if she would allow me."

"Your fears are not improbable as regards the chance acquaintance of her journey, Lady Vivian," said the earl, taking the alarm. "I will talk the matter over with Miss Strange this evening, or at the earliest opportunity. If anyone has dared to annoy her, he shall find that she is not without a protector."

Soon after, Lord Kingscourt took his leave, returning to Mount Heron.

He did not see Alex again until dinner.

After the repast Lord Mountheron went to the library and was not visible again that evening.

Mrs. Ingestre, after listening to music, feeling a return of her maladies of the morning, retired to her own room.

Alex would have followed her, but her hostess bade her remain.

The lovers were thus left to each other. There was an uneasiness in Alex's manner which Lord Kingscourt did not fail to notice. He drew his chair near her own, and told her of his interview with Lady Vivian, and of the charges that had been made against her, as well as the theories Lady Vivian had formed in regard to the mysterious visitor.

"I have no wish to force myself upon your confidence, Alex," he said, tenderly, "and I should not mention all this to you, but for the possibility that someone whom you have encountered on your journey from Greece may be seeking to annoy you. Do not let any false delicacy prevent your claiming my protection."

"I should not, if I were so annoyed."

"It is all a mistake then, as I thought?"

The girl hesitated.

She could not deny the charge brought against her, and she deemed a certain amount of confidence the earl's due, yet she could not tell him the truth.

"We are not engaged to each other, Vane," she said, sorrowfully. "I begin to doubt if the obstacle between us will ever be cleared away. It is right that I should tell you that Lady Markham's charges against me are all true. I did part from a gentleman, in the Clyffe-bourne grounds, as she describes."

"Was the young man your brother, Alex? Or your cousin?" asked the earl, jealously.

"Neither. I cannot tell you who he was, Vane; perhaps I may never be able to explain the mystery. Think of me what you will—not even to retain your love and esteem can I tell you the truth."

She raised her sapphire eyes to his with the same fearless glance he had noted in Spiridion's cavern.

There was sorrow in those sweet eyes, but also purity, nobleness, strength, and grandeur of soul.

The earl had not believed her guilty of any coquetry, nor had his faith in her wavered in the slightest degree.

"Keep your secret, Alex," he said, gently, "but if you need my help, you must not hesitate to call upon me. I fear that some unworthy person may be working upon your sympathies,

but I can trust you, in spite of those kisses, to keep him at a proper distance."

"You trust me still?"

A look answered her.

"Some day I hope to tell you all," said Alex, gratefully. "The secret is not mine now to impart. Oh, Vane, if you trust me still, in spite of appearances, I have one drop of joy in my cup of bitterness!"

Their interview was prolonged for hours. The earl inquired after news of Mr. Strange, and Alex exhibited the last letter she had received from her father, and which was post-marked Athens.

The sight of this letter put farther than ever from the young earl's mind the possibility of a true solution of the mystery of Alex's secret visitor.

At half-past ten Alex went up to her room. Her fire was burning brightly, and candles were lighted upon the mantelpiece.

A chair was drawn up near the hearth, but before taking possession of it, Alex noticed her little desk which she had left upon a table. Its position was changed, and the desk was opened and in disorder, as if it had been hastily examined and abandoned at some alarm.

And investigation revealed the fact that the desk had been opened with false keys. Every paper had been turned over.

There were no letters excepting one or two from her former governess, Mdlle. Gauthier, but these were turned inside out, and bore the appearance of having been thoroughly perused.

"This is some of Pierre Renaud's work," thought Alex. "He must have been frightened away before he could restore things to rights. I am thankful that I had no picture of papa, and none of papa's letters to reward his enterprise."

She restored her desk to order, and then examined her boxes.

They, too, had been investigated by someone, although they had been relocked. Her little trinkets had been turned over.

And in the very bottom of one of her trunks Alex came upon a handsome diamond brooch, carefully hidden away, which she had seen Mrs. Ingestre wear upon the previous day.

Her horror may be imagined.

She comprehended that Pierre Renaud had stolen the brooch and hidden it among her effects, with the intention of turning suspicion upon her, and having the trinket discovered in her possession.

He might even have planned her arrest, and looked forward to her conviction for theft, and her subsequent imprisonment.

A cold dew broke out upon her forehead.

The unscrupulousness and subtlety of her enemy were comprehended by Alex with a shudder of terror.

She dared not complain of him even to his master.

She dared not confide her terrors to Mrs. Ingestre, for how could she account for the valet's enmity without exposing her own secrets?

The trinket must be got out of her possession without delay and as silently as possible.

Alex put it in her pocket and proceeded to Mrs. Ingestre's room, making inquiries after that lady's health.

She found opportunity to drop her hostess's jewel in an open jewel-case, whence, doubtless, Renaud had recently extracted it. Then, with a sigh of relief, she returned to her apartment.

In the hall she passed her enemy on his way to his master's room.

There was a gleam in his eyes which she well understood.

Her visit to Mrs. Ingestre's room furthered his nefarious design against her.

He bowed with mocking courtesy and passed on, the light of prospective triumph on his saturnine visage.

"When he finds that this trick has failed, what will he try next?" thought Alex.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE shallow device of Pierre Renaud for bringing suspicion and disgrace upon Miss Strange having been foiled, the astute valet was not long in discovering the fact.

He waited all the next day for an alarm to be given in regard to the brooch, but when, in prowling about the hall, uneasy and expectant, at a late hour the next afternoon, he beheld Mrs. Ingestre descend the grand staircase in full dinner dress, and wearing the identical jewel he had stolen from her box and placed in Alex's trunk, his complexion turned a sickly-green hue, and a baffled look appeared in his long, narrow, half-shut eyes.

Alex followed her hostess, but she did not look at her enemy, and he was left in a painful state of indecision as to her comprehension of him and his motives, and as to her discovery and replacing of the trinket.

For several days Alex was upon her guard. She examined her effects daily, but found nothing that did not belong to her. She watched against new plottings, but watched in vain.

Mrs. Ingestre became deeply attached to her, and wondered how she had managed to exist without her.

The young girl was so bright a companion, so gentle, so unaffectedly and honestly sympathising with her hypochondriac moods, so tender and pitying in regard to her ailments, real and imaginary, that Mrs. Ingestre determined to keep her with her always if it were possible.

"Providence denied me a child," thought the lady, repiningly, "but this girl can be to me a daughter. I will not let her return to Lady Vivian if I can prevent it."

But Lady Vivian did not write to Alex urging her return.

Lord Kingscourt had seen the proud daughter of the late Duke of Clyffebourne again, and had informed her of the result of his interview with Alex—that Alex had not intrusted her secret to him, but that he trusted her in spite of appearances, and that nothing whatever could weaken his faith in her.

Alex had been a week at Mount Heron, and still she had not heard from Lady Vivian, nor had she received a letter from her father, nor had she seen him.

She walked upon the upper terrace in the evening, as she had promised, but the young Earl of Kingscourt frequently joined her, and she could not send him from her although his presence made her nervous and uneasy.

Pierre Renaud discovered also her love of solitary walks at night, and watched her movements with keen vigilance, expecting thereby to obtain some light upon the mystery that absorbed his entire being.

He had taken the steps towards the apprehension of the fugitive Lord Stratford Heron, of which he had declared the intention of doing.

He had lost no time in sending information to Scotland Yard, in the name of his brother, Jean Renaud, to the effect that the "condemned murderer" of the late Marquis of Mountheron was living in Greece as a farmer, in a lonely spot upon the coast, under the name of Mr. George Strange, and that the unfortunate man had fled to the mountains adjacent to his home, and was hiding among the grim and wild recesses.

This information, which Jean Renaud had gone up to London to strengthen with his personal testimony, had been acted upon, and a strong movement was being made with the utmost secrecy and caution upon the part of the Government to effect Lord Stratford Heron's recapture.

No breath of these strange news items had crept into the newspapers; no hint of them had transpired out of the narrow government circle, and Lady Vivian Clyffe was totally unconscious of the fact that her former husband still lived and was being hunted by the bloodhounds of the law.

At the end of a week of Alex's absence, Lady Vivian's love for the young girl conquered her

displeasure at her reticence, and she yearned for the sight of the lovely young face, with its sweet sapphire eyes and tender, resolute mouth, and for the sound again of the pure, fresh, musical voice.

She was too proud to send for Alex to return to her, and contented herself with sending a general invitation to the inmates of Mount Heron Castle, the marquis, Mrs. Ingestre, Alex, and the young Earl of Kingscourt, to dine with her at Clyffebourne and to spend a social evening with her and her guests.

The invitation was accepted by the marquis for himself and his household.

Alex longed to see again the Lady Vivian, and had no thought of declining the visit.

Upon the appointed evening the marquis's party set out from the castle in good time.

The wind was blowing fiercely from the sea, and the night was dark, but a few stars being visible.

As the luxurious barouche rolled along the Bluff road, Alex thought with a sudden apprehension of her father.

Such a night as this, moonless and wild, he would choose for his visit to her.

She was tempted to return to the castle to await his appearance upon the terrace, and only the fear of bringing suspicion upon herself and consequent peril upon him decided her to spend the evening at Clyffebourne as she had intended.

They arrived at their destination, and the ladies were shown to a dressing-room.

After a little attention to their toilets, Mrs. Ingestre led the way to the great drawing-room.

Alex followed her.

The elder lady was dressed in grey satin, with ornaments of rubies, and with a coiffure of point lace and satin ribbons.

Alex wore her dress of pale blue silk, with pink roses in her hair, on her breast, and in her sleeves, as on a previous occasion, and her rare beauty and loveliness had in them something imperial.

She was radiant as a star, in spite of all the anxieties pressing so heavily upon her.

Lady Vivian received Mrs. Ingestre with her usual stately courtesy.

She held out her hand to Alex, and with a quick impulsiveness drew the girl to her and kissed her upon her lips.

"I am glad to see you, my dear," she said warmly, in a low tone. "I have missed you sorely."

Alex flashed a grateful look in response.

Before she could speak, Lord Mountheron, in his soft, gentle way, claimed the attention of his beautiful hostess, and Mrs. Ingestre and Alex passed on to mingle with the guests.

Miss Strange found herself coolly avoided by these guests of Lady Vivian.

Lady Markham recognised her presence by a grave bow and a few cold remarks, but others regarded the girl coldly through their eye-glasses, or turned away, apparently oblivious of her presence.

Lady Markham, in her envy and dislike of the girl, had secretly, but industriously, circulated the story of Alex's meeting with a stranger in the Clyffebourne grounds, and her mysterious reticence in regard to his identity.

Every one had been told that Alex had pretended to be a stranger in England, knowing no one, but that her actions had contradicted her words, and that she was an adventuress, in spite of her beauty, grace, and perfect breeding, and that she was leagued with evil persons for some nefarious purpose which had not been discovered.

Lady Vivian knew nothing of the secret whisperings, but she did perceive the coldness and avoidance displayed toward Alex, and made up for it by a greater warmth and kindness of manner than she would otherwise have exhibited.

The young Earl of Kingscourt took Alex in to dinner.

He, too, saw the girl's isolation, and was doubly devoted to her, much to the annoy-

ance and chargin of certain young ladies of the party.

After dinner, when the guests had returned to the drawing-room, a more social state of affairs prevailed.

Alex was called upon by Lady Vivian to play and sing, and she was followed by others.

Conversation occupied the elders of the party, and flirtation absorbed some of the younger members.

Lord Kingscourt and Alex took their places at a table at one end of the room, and looked over a portfolio of engravings together, until Lady Markham, severe of countenance, sincerely pitying the young man whom she believed entrapped by one totally unworthy of him, came and sat down beside Alex, and at the same table, appearing to be also interested in the engravings.

The elderly countess, to whom allusion has heretofore been made, seized the opportunity thus afforded, and asked Lord Kingscourt to assist her in looking up an obscure quotation. She carried the young earl away in triumph to her daughters at the opposite end of the long room, and so claimed his attention that he could not break away and return to Alex without absolute rudeness.

The enforced companionship of Lady Markham was distasteful to Alex.

She relinquished the portfolio to the baronet's widow, and, retaining a single picture as an ostensible subject of examination, surveyed the room and its occupants at her leisure.

The grates glowed with sea-coal fires.

Wax candles, in white forests, burned in the great chandeliers suspended from the ceiling, from the candelabras on the mantelpieces, and from polished silver scones in every available nook.

Clyffebourne, unlike Mount Heron, was an occasional residence, and the conservatories were therefore unused.

The hot-house flowers crowding the vases had been sent from Mount Heron.

The ladies were in full dinner-dress, and presented a brilliant spectacle, in keeping with their surroundings.

Alex's yearning eyes sought out her mother.

The Lady Vivian was dressed in amethyst velvet, with ornaments of diamonds.

Her slender throat and white and rounded neck and arms gleamed like marble.

The light of a chandelier fell full upon her superb face and figure, revealing the splendour of both to rare advantage.

She was sitting at no great distance from Alex, who occupied a position near one of the windows.

Lord Mountheron sat beside Lady Vivian, and the pair were conversing in low tones.

The guests, all except Alex, were too occupied with themselves to note the little tableau; but the girl, with a jealous pang, noticed the lover-like air of the marquis, as he bent nearer the lady.

Lord Mountheron's usual air of melancholy had given place upon this evening to an air of gentle triumph.

His betrothal to Lady Vivian seemed to be regarded as an accepted fact by all the guests, and he had once or twice been congratulated upon his approaching marriage.

Certainly, the pair looked like lovers.

The Lady Vivian's dusky head was slightly drooping; her olive cheeks, usually of a creamy pallor, were flushed; her red mouth wore a smile.

In the magnificent summer of univalled beauty, she looked like one upon whose brow no care ever sits, and in whose heart no sorrow ever enters.

But once, when Lady Vivian raised her glorious eyes, turning them from her suitor, Alex started, beholding in them the expression that had once before perplexed her—an expression of anxiety, questioning, of trouble, and of loathing.

The expression flitted as it came, and Lady Vivian looked up at the marquis with a smile that dazzled him.

"They are lovers," thought Alex. "They

will marry, and papa—oh, poor papa! Thank Heaven that papa cannot see them together."

She looked from the pair to the window near her, and, as she looked, her face grew white and cold, and her eyes stared in a horrible fascination.

For there, pressed close against the glass, was a wild and agonised face and a pair of burning eyes, the gaze of which was bent upon Lady Vivian and her suitor.

(To be Continued.)

RUSTIC INGENUITY.

"THERE are more ways of killing a dog than hanging him" runs the old truism, a practical illustration of which occurred the other day at Thorpe, Norfolk. A gentleman farmer named James Rushmer had just disposed of his last stock of milk to a lad who had applied to him for eight pints, bringing with him a measure which, having been filled, contained the exact quantity required, and no more, when another lad appeared with a request for a similar quantity.

As, however, there was no more to be had that day from the farmer the two lads agreed on their way back to divide between them in equal proportions the eight pints which the first one had received. But as the second one was provided only with two measures, one of which held five pints and the other three, how was the equal division to be effected. After much cogitation the difficulty was overcome in the following ingenious way:

The 3-pint measure was filled from the 8-pint one and its contents poured into the 5-pint one; the 3-pint one was again filled from the 8-pint one, and as much of its contents poured into the 5-pint one as the latter would hold, leaving one pint remaining in the 3-pint vessel; then the five pints were poured back from the 5-pint measure into the 8-pint one and the one pint left in the 3-pint vessel transferred to the 5-pint one; the 3-pint measure having been again filled from the 8-pint one, it remained simply to add these three pints to the one pint already contained in the 5-pint measure to complete the equal distribution of the milk into four pints each.

SHINING IN BORROWED JEWELS.

"Oh, Hilda, dear, do lend them to me," sighed Mrs. Rose. Though she was Mrs. Rose she was only eighteen, and she stood staring at a splendid set of diamonds—bracelets, ear-rings, necklace, pin, and finger-ring—that lay in a blue velvet case before her. "I know it is the most impudent thing—cheeky, Tom would call it; but we are own cousins, and you'll have them always, and I only want to wear them to Miss Follingsby's wedding. I've a black silk, with a train and nice lace, but only my corals; and they dress like queens, this Follingsby lot. Do, dear."

"Well, I'm sure I'd do anything to please you, Lotty," said the other woman. "You know they are all the fortune I have. I shall sell them. We can buy a little home, and have something left over, if I get the price Sparkle & Shine promise me for the stones. Here, put them on. Well, you do sparkle, to be sure."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, Hilda," exclaimed little Mrs. Rose, dancing before the glass. "Not one woman out of a thousand would be so good, I'll never, never, never forget them for one instant."

Away she went, wrapped in her great cloak, which hid the diamonds from the eyes of her waiting husband.

They hurried on, for the Follingsbys were only a few streets off, and carriages were expensive things—too expensive for a poor clerk and his wife.

The wedding ceremony was soon over. The supper followed.

"Who is that girl in the diamond-necklace?" asked one elderly lady of another.

"That? Why that is young Mrs. Rose," replied the other. "Mr. Rose is in the bank. He is a poor young man, of course; but Mr. Follingsby thinks so much of him. He is so reliable—so good."

"He must have married a rich wife," replied the other old lady.

"Oh, I think not," replied Mrs. Follingsby, "She was a governess, I think."

The old lady shook her head. Her husband was an officer in the bank of which Mr. Follingsby was president.

She saw him at the other end of the room, and approached him.

"A word in your ear," said she. "Have you ever discovered the secret of those mysterious robberies at the bank? I thought not. You know young Rose, don't you? There, that is his wife."

"Pretty girl," said the old gentleman.

"Pretty! That is all you think of, Mr. De Champ!" cried the old lady. "She wears the finest diamonds in the room."

"Shine as well. Shine as well as any," laughed Mr. De Champ. "Glass and brass. Ha—ha!"

"I shall go distracted," said Mrs. De Champ. "Why, I can detect French paste at a glance."

Now, De Champ, if your clerk gives his wife—who was a poor governess—such diamonds, something is wrong."

"Yes, yes, if—but then," began the old gentleman.

But away went Mrs. De Champ.

In five minutes she had obtained an introduction to Mrs. Rose, and had carried her away into the conservatory to show her a rare flower.

Little Mrs. Rose, flattered by the attention, was in high spirits, and when, after some chat, Mrs. De Champ said, with a smile:

"It's really quite rude, I know, but I can't help speaking of your beautiful diamonds. Are they heir-looms?"

Temptation overcame her.

She did not know enough to understand that diamonds which were heir-looms would have been things to be prouder of than recent purchases.

Her whole mind was in the present.

She really had worked herself into a sort of belief that the diamonds were her own—that she was rich and fashionable.

"Oh dear, no," she said with a careless air. "My husband's birth-day gift. He promises me a watch, set to match them, next Christmas."

"Indeed!" said the old lady. "He is generous. May I show the bracelet to a friend? It is quite unique. Wait here for me."

She sped away through the rooms, with the bracelet folded in her handkerchief.

"Mr. Follingsby," she said, in a whisper, "come with me where we can be alone." And the bank president followed his guest into his little study.

There she laid the bracelet upon the table.

"What are these stones, Mr. Follingsby?" said she.

"The finest diamonds I ever saw," replied the bank president, who had begun life as a jeweller.

"The only sensible person yet," cried Mrs. De Champ. "Now, sir, your clerk, Mr. Rose, gave these to his wife for her birth-day present, and promises her a watch, set to match them, for a Christmas gift. Do you understand? Have you discovered the mysterious robber yet?"

Mr. Follingsby sank into a chair, and said:

"I trusted Rose as though he had been my son."

A few minutes after, young Rose said to his wife:

"I suppose everyone knows you are rigged out in paste jewellery. I feel ashamed of it."

"Oh, no matter, dear. They are very good imitations," said little Mrs. Rose.

She preferred not to mention to her husband the fact that she had borrowed such splendid jewels—especially as the old lady was long in returning.

In fact, she returned no more. Vainly did Mrs. Rose search for her.

She had given the diamond bracelet to one whose name she did not even know, for she had not caught it in the introduction.

She returned home in despair, and, at breakfast time, professed herself too sleepy to rise.

Poor Rose ate his meal alone, and went down to the bank with a feeling that something was wrong.

It deepened as he obeyed a summons to enter the president's private office, and found him standing with a grave face before the bright grate fire.

"Rose," began Mr. Follingsby, "I knew your father and loved him. I have loved you. I have trusted you. You have betrayed that trust. Even now, I cannot have the heart to punish you as you deserve. Return your spoils, and a dismissal will be your only penalty—that and the wounds which your conscience must give you."

"Sir!" cried young Rose. "I do not comprehend—I—dishonest—I—"

"You should not have allowed your wife to appear in those diamonds," said Mr. Follingsby.

Rose actually laughed.

"Is that it?" said he. "Poor Lotty, her glass jewels were good imitations, then?"

"You forget, sir," said Mr. Follingsby, "I have the bracelet. I never saw finer diamonds; and since you intend to give her a watch, set with the same jewels, for a Christmas gift—"

"Mr. Follingsby, am I mad, or are you?" cried young Rose.

"You, I fear," said Mr. Follingsby. "Come, Rose, confession will better avail you than denial. Heaven knows, I pity you. Doubtless, you were tempted. But I must see to the interests of the bank, while I stretch a point to save you from the worst. Here is the bracelet," and he drew it from his breast.

"I am unable to comprehend," gasped Rose; but at that moment the door burst open, and in rushed Mrs. Loutrel.

"I have found you both together, Mr. Follingsby and Mr. Rose," said she. "They tried to keep me out, but I would come in. One of your guests stole my bracelet from Mrs. Rose, Mr. Follingsby. I have no husband in the bank. I'm not afraid of you. I will have her name. An old lady, with white puffs of hair and ruby ornaments—a fat old lady. Oh, what an idiot I was to lend that silly Lotty my whole little fortune to glitter and shine in for a night! Left me by poor grandma, Mr. Follingsby; and we are going to sell them and buy a house. And your wife told you they were glass, Mr. Rose. Oh, she is such a silly thing; always was. Can't I have the old lady arrested, Mr. Follingsby. Give me her name—do, please."

"Madame," said Mr. Follingsby, "your bracelet will be returned, if it is yours. Can you prove property?"

"Grandma's will, and the lawyers, and Ben, and the rest of the set, and everything," cried Mrs. Loutrel. "Of course I can. Is there any hope of getting it back?"

For answer, Mr. Follingsby dropped the bracelet into her hand.

"Go home and comfort your poor, silly little friend," said he. "And you, Rose, forgive me. I should have lost my trust in human nature if what I thought of you had proved true."

"What did you think?" asked Mrs. Loutrel.

"Nothing wrong, I hope. Cousin Lotty never even told him she had borrowed the jewels, and I'm sure I beg pardon for my excitement, and all that, and I'll run to Lotty right away."

Mr. Follingsby opened the door with a bow, and the two men were left together.

It is not often that a bank president apologises to his clerk, but it happened this time, at least.

At home that night, Tom Rose found a penitent little wife with swollen eyes, whom he kissed into smiles again.

All had ended well, but Lotty had had a lesson.

She would never again desire to shine in borrowed jewels.

M. K. D.



[OUR FOREIGN MINISTER.]

THE EARL OF DERBY.

No institution is in our day exempt from scrutiny, and, unless it can show good reason for its existence, it is doomed, and its destruction only becomes a question of time. No one need regret this, which as a general tendency is perfectly just and reasonable. But we may safely assert that there is great danger in a spirit of mere destruction; that before anything is destroyed we ought carefully and impartially to consider what is to be the substitute; that while destruction is comparatively easy enough, often requiring mere mob violence, the work of construction is most difficult, taxes the best qualities of a statesman, and requires time and patience for accomplishment. In England at least we are in no danger of political apathy; on the other hand, change merely for the sake of change, or else just to carry out some convenient artifice of faction, is the prominent and too obvious evil.

Furious, often ignorant, and often interested demagogues, who much dislike honest work, trade upon the credulity of the people, try to persuade them that they are oppressed, and that the only remedy is to be found in the adoption of their latest political nostrum—one aiming perhaps at abolishing the Church, or the crown, or the landed gentry, at making mischief between masters and men, and bringing in a glorious chaos, a revolutionary scramble in which the said demagogues would as usual take good care to look after their own share in the plunder.

A calm observer, we say, would find much of this mischievous nonsense in our midst—threatening, as it does, the comfort of the working-classes, and the honour of our country, and the stability of the state. Imperfect information, party feeling, and the adroit machinations of the self-styled patriots who trade on the credulity of their dupes, make agitation (as we have lately found to our cost) a formidable evil in the country.

We believe that the best counteractive to our professional demagogues would be a free mingling of class with class; in other words, let good Englishmen of every class and rank intermix more as citizens of one common nation—let men of gentle birth, of position, or of wealth descend among their socially inferior brethren and show (as often they certainly do, most readily) them kindly sympathy, let masters and men discuss affairs freely and kindly, let there be less of division and more of good, united English feeling, and then the trade of the demagogue would be gone, our enemies abroad would be abashed, and England, as a united nation, would be greater and more powerful than ever. Let no one call this chimerical; as it is, if class differences and divisions and the counsels of mere partisans are to prevail, England must inevitably forfeit her position, and decline rapidly and fatally in the scale of European nations.

Of the institutions now so frequently attacked that of the English Aristocracy is at once conspicuous. Either to venerate a man just because he has a title or to abuse him

simply because he has a title is equally silly. The latter is the customary thing with the professional patriots: however, it does not require much discernment to see that if the patriots were once elevated to power they would make (as history always attests) the most grasping and tyrannical of masters. In truth an oppressive aristocracy or an oppressive democracy is a terrible misfortune: in England we have hereditary gentlemen, forming a high-born, cultured, bland and, as a rule, considerate, courteous, and accessible class, and we have an entirely free people, with a path for honest enterprise and honest thought and speech open to every man in the country; we have balances which have arranged themselves, and a rational working combination of liberty and order such as no "paper constitution" could devise, but which is the gradual development of successive centuries.

Educated Americans, such as Emerson and Lowell, have often lamented the wholesale unchecked democratic license of America and its legitimate fruits in "office-seeking," rowdiness, general corruption, and utter lack of high principle, which indeed have often led the best men to abstain entirely from public affairs. They have freely admitted that we do manage some things—a few of them at least—better in England. Our national aristocracy, national in the best sense of the word and not sectional, is one of the finest institutions of the country. Nor is it material to talk of Norman conquerors as robbers, and such-like trash: all property and all states, that have existed for any time at all, have largely originated in or been acquired by either the favour of a ruler or by conquest.

As for conquest, if any advanced politician deems that that is a thing of the past, he has only to look at the monstrous conduct of a power lately patronised by our un-English section, but now fully self-exposed, and fully condemned too by an overwhelming majority in Parliament, and condemned equally by men worthy to be called Englishmen. Holy Russia still goes forth to conquer. However a set of men, whose ancestors were Norman, and a body of people largely Saxon (also previous conquerors) and the Welsh and other elements, form, among themselves, a harmonious whole, in the mass of the English people, composed indeed of varying rank and class, but capable of intimate and harmonious fusion as a whole.

No one who has regarded the pernicious nonsense too often imposed on the people can say that these preliminary remarks are untimely; since they naturally occurred to us in preparing some brief notice of the distinguished representative of the great house of Stanley—who is our Foreign Secretary, an aristocrat of the aristocrats by birth, and equally a man of wide, sensible, and decidedly national and popular sympathies. His well-known popular sentiments have led narrower members of his party to consider him a Whig: but mere casting about of names is an absurdity, and the charge, after all, is a compliment to this eminent nobleman. We have to add that his position as Foreign Secretary has of late brought him before the daily notice of the public.

The rise of the House of Stanley takes date so far back as the time of William the Conqueror, who was accompanied to England by one Adam de Aldithley and his two sons, Adam and Lyulph. This family became great favourites with the King, to whom they rendered valuable services, in return for which he conferred upon them extensive grants of land. A member of this family married Mabella, the daughter of Henry Stanley, who was the possessor of the extensive manor of Stoneley and Balterley in Staffordshire. Another member of the family also married a Stanley, namely Joan, the only daughter and heiress of Thomas Stanley of Stafford (himself a near relative to the Henry Stanley already mentioned), and thus acquired, as his wife's marriage portion, the manor of Thalk, in Staffordshire. The family of this Thomas Stanley is reputed to have been of great antiquity and of Saxon descent, and to have held a noble position in Eng-

land for a long period before the Norman conquest. Some time subsequent to the last named marriage, William de Aldithley exchanged with his cousin Adam the manor of Thalk for that of Stoneley and one half of Balterley, and, taking up his residence at Stoneley, he assumed the surname of Stanley, and became the original founder of the noble family of the Stanleys of Hooton, and indirectly of the Stanleys of Knowsley, the family of Lord Derby.

A great grandson of this William Stanley, otherwise de Aldithley, Sir William Stanley, married Joan, daughter of Sir Philip de Bamville and acquired the forest of Wirral in Cheshire; his eldest son became Lord Stourton. A grandson married Alice, daughter of Hugh Massey of Timperley (Cheshire), and sister of Sir Hamon Massey, of Dunham Massey, in Cheshire. He died in 1397 and left three sons, Sir William, John, and Henry, and one daughter. This Sir William Stanley married Margery, daughter and heiress of William de Hooton, of Hooton in Cheshire; he is the founder of the Stanleys of Hooton; and he took up his residence at Hooton Hall, which he inherited by marriage. The descendants of Sir William Stanley of Hooton, baronets of Hooton, are the oldest branch of the house; his next brother, Sir John Stanley, was the direct ancestor and founder of the family of Derby, which is the second branch of the family of Stanley.

Sir John Stanley married Isabel, daughter and heiress of Sir Thomas Lathom, of Lathom and Knowsley, and by this marriage became possessed of these well-known mansion and estates. He fought at Poitiers; was appointed by Richard the Second Lord Deputy of Ireland, and was granted the manor and lands of Blake. In 1405 he received a commission to seize upon the Isle of Man, which had been forfeited by the rebellion of the Earl of Northumberland. In consideration of his great services the King in 1407 granted the Isle of Man to Sir John Stanley and his heirs for ever, and placed him in full possession of the island with regal sway. He was also Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. His son, Sir John Stanley, held the office of constable of the castle of Carnarvon; was Justice of Chester, and Sheriff of Anglesey. Sir Thomas, his son and heir, was created Lord Stanley in the reign of Henry the Sixth. His wife, through the houses of Norfolk and Hereford, was a lineal descendant of Edward the First.

Thomas, the first Earl of Derby, became Lord Stanley in 1460, but was elevated to the earldom twenty-five years afterwards, soon after the battle of Bosworth, in which he took a prominent part familiar to the readers of Shakespeare. His second wife was Margaret of Lancaster, mother of Henry the Seventh, and widow of the Earl of Richmond. On October 30, 1485, the day of Henry the Seventh's coronation, he was created Earl of Derby. The King visited his stepfather at Knowsley and Lathom, and was entertained in a style of princely hospitality. James, the seventh earl, the "Great Stanley," as he was called, married Charlotte de la Tremouille, third daughter of the Duke of Thouars, Prince of Palmont and a peer of France—a lady celebrated in Sir W. Scott's "Peveril of the Peak." For three months she held Lathom House against the Parliament. The earl fought for the King at Wigan, fought at Worcester, saw the Prince, afterwards Charles the Second, to his retreat at Bosobel, and finally, after a gallant fight, laid down his life for the royal cause. One of his daughters was married to a Duke of Athol, and thus at a later period the Dukes of Athol became lords of the Isle of Man. The island finally reverted to the crown in the reign of George the Third. In 1795 an Act was passed by which it was purchased by Government from the Duke of Athol for £70,000.

The twelfth earl chose, in 1797, as his second countess, Miss Farren, the celebrated actress. The thirteenth earl, in his younger days, represented Preston in Parliament; he was a zealous zoologist, and his museum at Knowsley, and the maintenance of his menagerie and aviary

(which occupied one hundred acres of Knowsley Park) is said to have cost him upwards of £15,000 a year. He was succeeded by Edward Geoffrey, the fourteenth earl, who, next to Earl James, the Great Stanley, was the most illustrious member of this illustrious house. This "Rupert of debate" was three times (1852, 1858, 1866) Prime Minister; but his brilliant career is fairly within the memory of many of our readers. The more recent earls were Constitutional Whigs, but, if we except so venerable a specimen as Earl Russell, the surviving members are few and the party is extinct. Both the descendants of the old Whigs and the modern representatives of Toryism, who are far wider in their views than the old Whigs, are daily approaching nearer each other and forming—if it be not virtually formed already—a patriotic and English party to uphold the constitution of the country against its opponents among the democrats and demagogues. Events, indeed, have moved so rapidly that a Whig of thirty years ago would be considered more Tory than the Tories, and a Chartist of 1848 would be quite a moderate politician. The late Earl Derby died October 23, 1869, and was succeeded by the present earl. Thus much for a very bird's-eye view of the fortunes of this great English family.

Edward Henry Stanley, eldest son of the late Earl, was born at Knowsley, July 21, 1826. He was educated at Rugby and afterwards at Trinity College, Cambridge, where, at the age of twenty-two, he took a first-class in classics, gaining besides a medal for declamation. In 1848 he unsuccessfully contested Lancaster. In the same year he visited Canada, the United States, and our West Indian possessions. On the sudden death of Lord George Bentinck in that year he was elected to succeed him in the representation of Lynn Regis, Norfolk. His first speech of importance related to the Sugar Question in the West Indies, on which also he published two pamphlets advocating a repeal of the export duties. In 1847 to 1850 the system of Government of the East India Company attracted much attention; but Parliament nevertheless opposed a Royal Commission for investigation. Lord Stanley visited India to examine matters for himself, and the result of his observations was shown in his India Bill of 1858. During his absence Lord John Russell had resigned, and Lord Derby, who then (Feb., 1852) became Premier, appointed his eldest son Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

His views on Protection are thus expressed in his address (June, 1852) to his constituents at Lynn:—

"With regard to a tax on the importation of foreign corn, I cannot consider it as in principle more objectionable than any other impost falling on the public at large. But in questions of taxation especially the feeling of the people is to be considered; and I have no hesitation in saying that I believe that feeling to be such as to render the imposition of any protective duty impossible."

Since then the views—of the working classes notoriously—on our one-sided Free Trade without Reciprocity have at least undergone, or are undergoing (for to many it is a question of daily bread) important modification. In December 1852 the Coalition Government of Lord Aberdeen came into power; and Sir Charles Wood introduced a feeble but plausible measure for India, favourable to the Company, Lord Stanley vainly proposing a scheme of his own, afterwards much incorporated in his India measure.

In 1855 Lord Palmerston paid Lord Stanley the very high compliment of offering him a place in the Colonial Office vacant by the death of Sir William Molesworth. Lord Stanley, however, continued true to his party and declined the generous offer. It is worth while remarking that Palmerston and he were not after all remote in political creed, in what may perhaps be designated a liberal Conservatism, and indeed Palmerston was once not unhappily described as the Tory Chief of a Radical cabinet. But the extreme Radical section never gained any influence under Palmerston, and the Liberalism

was a hybrid Conservatism of a somewhat mediocre type.

In his father's administration in 1858 Lord Stanley became Secretary of State for India with a seat in the Cabinet. He now introduced and carried his India Bill, which perhaps is his highest trophy as a statesman. His measure effected a transfer of power from the East India Company to the Imperial Parliament. It also established a new Council, a board of fifteen, seven of whom were chosen by the Company and eight by the Crown; the whole being presided over by the Ministry of the India Department.

In 1859 Lord Derby was again driven from office, and Lord Stanley with him had to occupy the cool shade of Opposition. In 1866 however he returned to office, under his father, holding the post of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. During his tenure of office occurred the Alabama difficulty; and Lord Stanley, when the American Civil War was over, was one of the first to recognise the value of international arbitration, gaining thereby the eloquent but always one-sided eulogium of Mr. John Bright. Arbitration is admirable in theory, and is the very thing to which men and nations ought to look, where possible, in cases of quarrel; if only they can be sure of impartial arbitrators. There, in nine cases out of ten, would lie the immense difficulty. Meanwhile, the events of the Franco-German war and still more the conduct of Holy Russia in her "mission" have rudely given the lie to those peace-at-any-price people, our own sanguinary philanthropists, who thought, or affected to think, that the era of universal peace, arbitrations, exhibitions, and the like was at last upon us. Human nature still remains the same. The need to be on our guard is just the same as ever, and we may add is likely to be while the world lasts. Beyond a general reduction of armaments, which might some day be accomplished, any general panacea is only a day dream, a futile affair, and those who repeat the parrot cry of peace at any price are ever likely to precipitate a nation into war. For some years past our doctrinaires have been having it all their own way; but many are beginning to see through a folly which may be well enough for a study or a pulpit but does not belong to practical politics.

During the Lancashire Cotton Famine, by counsel and purse Lord Stanley nobly aided the sufferers. His wide tolerance in respect of the opinions of other men deserves to be mentioned. He condemned Church rates, and advocated the admission of Jews to Parliament; in short he has always been, in the legitimate use of the word, a liberal political thinker, but also, as a thinker within the lines of the Constitution, a liberal member of the Tory party—a party which, in the memorable language of Lord Beaconsfield (then Mr. Disraeli, at the Lord Mayor's banquet, August 13, 1867), "is nothing if it does not represent national feeling."

The late Earl of Derby's last Ministry in June, 1866, again brought Lord Stanley into office, this time as Foreign Secretary. Then arose the question of Luxemburg, which was triumphantly settled by the wonderful tact and ability of Lord Stanley. The Conference was held in London in May, 1867, and it was agreed that Luxemburg should cease to be a fortified city, and that the Grand Duke should not at any future time restore the fortification. This was justly regarded as a great triumph of diplomatic skill, and Lord Russell, among others, was loud in his praise. In 1868 Mr. Gladstone came into office over the ruins of the Protestant Church in Ireland. In 1869 Lord Derby died, and the subject of our notice succeeded to the proud title. He made his first speech in the House of Peers, February 14, 1870.

In 1874 Mr. Disraeli again became Premier and Lord Derby resumed the post of Foreign Secretary. Events so recent are well within the memories of our readers, and it is unnecessary to do more than allude to them. Most serious of all has been the Russian invasion of Turkey—aided as Russia certainly was and still is by an anti-national faction among ourselves, which it is, though late in the day, comforting to think is generally discredited in the country. By an

overwhelming majority Parliament has for the present effectually rebuked our Anglo-Russians. Under the pretence of ameliorating the Christians (nominal Christians only, for we should be sorry to libel Christianity, Russia sought to accomplish wholesale her schemes of vastaggrandizement. It is a melancholy tale, but the hands of our own Ministry were far too long grievously hampered by our own Russian faction, till at length the Russians themselves have thrown off the mask, no longer needing it, and have certainly undeceived the English people. The whole matter was sensibly and eloquently treated in the truly manly and noble utterance of Mr. Cowen, the Radical Member for Newcastle, who threw faction to the winds in favour of his country.

Our people had been grossly hoodwinked, but the Russians themselves have disenchanted them. At such a season, both for the country and the Ministry, great caution was requisite; it is only honest to add that the Government till quite recently had been prevented by the arts of faction and by agitators from acting as we are certain they would have otherwise done—in a style worthy of the country, which never learned to truckle to despots, which was once governed by Pitt, Wellington, and Palmerston, and which is now governed by a statesman who has ever devoted his splendid genius and his high energies to the promotion of the welfare and the honour of England.

Lord Derby has been very cautious—possibly cautious overmuch—so cautious that the Muscovites have won enormous advantages; but his position and that of the Ministry was for a long period most embarrassing. Now that the coast is tolerably clear, and the tactics and “knights’ enterprise” (so Mr Gladstone calls it) of Holy Russia—that greedy, unscrupulous, deceitful and bloodthirsty power—are once and for all detected and laid bare before Englishmen, it may be hoped that the Government, of which Lord Derby is so important and so prominent a member, will be able to act fortified by the mighty strength that comes from the support of an undivided nation.

England has silenced (only for the present) our Russian agents and agitators, and England, if only true to herself, need not fear either Russia or the sanctimonious English admirers of Russia. The career of Lord Derby, viewed thus far as a whole, is one which has secured him the respect and the confidence of the country.

T. H. G.

PITCHER PLANTS.

It would be a difficult matter to find in the whole vegetable world a more interesting group than that of the pitcher plants. The curious appendages to the leaves, which present a more or less perfect resemblance to the form of a pitcher, with its lid, have given rise to strange traditions among the natives of the countries where these plants grow wild, and among the civilised and educated people who have seen them under cultivation they have been the subject of stories which contain scarcely more of truth than those wild Malayan traditions.

It is a generally received idea among us that in the pitcher-plant Nature has provided a supply of water, by means of which the traveller in the desert may slake his thirst. The lids open, they say, at night, in order to catch the dew, and close again during the day, to prevent evaporation.

Nothing could be much wider from the truth than these statements. In the first place, the plants will only grow where there is a plentiful supply of water, and where the atmosphere is more than usually moist; and in the second place, the lid never closes again, either by day or night, after it has once opened. And again, the water which usually half fills the pitcher is not rain or dew which has been collected, but is secreted by the plant itself from the inner glandular surface of the pitcher.

It is said to be nearly one hundred years since the first species, *Nepenthes distillatoria*, was

introduced from the southern part of China. It was followed by one or two other nearly allied kinds; but some time ago *N. Hookeriana*, and the still more remarkable *N. Rafflesiana*, with its large pitchers mottled with brown, were introduced. Then came another Indian species, having a white rim to its pitchers, which was consequently called *N. albo-marginata*, and this is still a somewhat rare form.

Within the last twenty years or more, have been imported several fine and more remarkable kinds, two of which, *N. lanata* and *N. sanguinea*, have been favourites among cultivators. Curious and extraordinary as these plants are, we are informed there is much reason to believe they will not bear a comparison with those that still blush unseen in their native localities.

FACETIÆ.

THE LATEST IMPOSSIBILITIES.

To go into mourning for a “dead swindle.”
To polish a school board with an inclined plane.

To scrape quicksilver off the Mirror of Literature.

To promote “Private Opinion” to the rank of Sergeant-Major.

To hold a long conversation with a “speaking likeness.”

To alter the shape of a square loaf by turning it round.

To plant a “family tree” in the “ground of an indictment.”

To dispose of a “golden opportunity” at the pawnbrokers.

To make yourself two inches taller by “standing on your dignity.”

To take a book, sit down in front of an express, and read between the lines. —Funny Folks.

THE VALENTINE OF THE FUTURE.

It is inevitable.
Entirely new and altogether charming Valentines must supersede those in use. Not this year, ’tis true; but next.

Else why the invention of the Phonograph? It is Cupid’s own device, so that the lover may breathe his soul into the tin-foil—a lover has often, by the way, been “tin”-foiled by a rich lover—lay it up in lavender, and when the Saint’s day comes, pop it in the post, and—rapture! within a few hours the adored one may hear his protestations in his own voice.

We charge nothing for the hint, but the Valentine of the future is the phonographic rendering of the voice of love! —Funny Folks.

PAST AND PRESENT.

THE Duke of Abercorn is to be the bearer of the Garter to King Humbert. Italy will not ‘Ab’ercorns trodden on this time. —Fun.

A SUM IN PROPORTION.

Not one of the orators who opposed the Vote of Credit brought forward our old friend, “the thin end of the wedge.” Yet he would have been strictly in place. Given £6,000,000 as the thin end of the wedge, required the money-equivalent of the thick end? —Punch.

IN THE STREET.

FIRST SWELL: “Hulloh, Jones, how are you, dear boy?”

SECOND SWELL: “Pwetty well. Any noose?”

F. S.: “No. Nothing in the—ah—papers, only this dreadful noosance of a waw.”

S. S.: “Yes. Are you for England going to waw?”

F. S.: “My policy—what’s that?”

S. S.: “Are you a waw party or a peace party?”

F. S.: “Well, weally I can’t exactly say. You see, when I read the “Daily News” I’m a peace party, and when I read the “Standard” I’m a waw party. I can’t remember, at the moment, which I read last.” —Fun.

MENU FOR THE CONFERENCE TABLE.—First Course (certain)—Hashed Turkey. Second Course (uncertain)—Peace Pudding.—Punch.

WHY DID THE PREMIER REFUSE THE GARTER?

BECAUSE he habitually wears socks, and has therefore no necessity for one. (That’s the practical solution, anyhow.)

Because he was afraid of what Gladstone would say.

Because he didn’t mind Gladstone a bit, but thought it might irritate Derby.

Because he didn’t want to be sneered at in the “Englishman.”

Because Biggar would have been jealous.

Because he didn’t like the motto. “Honey soit qui mal y puns,” suggests a sweetness of quip which the scathing Premier would scorn in his wittiest moments.

Because the Queen’s visit to Hughenden was honour enough in one twelvemonth.

Because he does not care about music; and was, therefore, in the words of the song, disinclined to “touch the light gar-tar!”

Because the bother about that six millions made him pettish; and he didn’t think what he was saying when he said “No.”

—Funny Folks.

PROPER PRECAUTIONS.

HEAD OF FAMILY: “Jane, my dear, did you see that brace of Derringers were properly loaded?”

WIFE: “Oh, yes, love?”

HEAD OF FAMILY: “No damp cartridge—eh?”

WIFE: “Oh, no, love! They were in the oven for over half an hour this very afternoon.”

HEAD OF FAMILY: “Good! (Stows away Derringers.) But, I say, do you know where my best life preserver is? The new one, love, not that with the broken strap. I should be ashamed to be seen about with that.”

WIFE: “Here it is, John. And there’s your nice clean knuckle-duster. Just look how bright and pretty I’ve made it with sand-paper!”

HEAD OF FAMILY: “That’s all right. Now help me into my chain-mailed overcoat. I hope Tom won’t keep me waiting.”

TOM: “Oh, no, dad! I’ve only got to buckle these greaves on under my trousers, to protect my shins. But I musn’t forget the fresh fuse to the hand grenade—eh dad?”

HEAD OF FAMILY: “Certainly not. Ready? Well, then, come on at once, or we shall be too late for Cannon-street.”

(Tumbles over his sabre, and exit, followed by his son.)

WIFE: “How I do hate these Great Peace Demonstrations!” —Funny Folks.

ECCLÉSIASTICAL JOTTINGS.

It is supposed that the cream of clerical society is to be obtained from preben-dairies.

Extremely facetious prelates are generally spoken of as “arch”-bishops.

There is no limit to the number of infants who may be christened at one time; but fifty would be considered a fair sprinkling.

When a divinity student is “grinding” for his examination, it may be inferred that he intends joining the Church mill-itant.

Roman Catholic choristers are invariably selected from the surplice population.

The politicians regarded most favourably by the clergy are offer-Tories.

The exact number of aisles in the “see” of a bishop has never been correctly ascertained.

The reason why such vast sums of money are bestowed on Ritualistic churches is because they are unexceptionable “in vestments.”

—Funny Folks.

ANOTHER UNION.

THE Czar is reported to have said that he hopes England and Russia will become friends again by a fair compromise. The Duchess Marie who Married our Duke was the last “fair compromise.” Let us hope there’ll be no royal fiddling over this second attempt. —Fun.

A SENSITIVE PLANT.

We have heard of a lady so averse to giving pain that she would not even keep her toast upon the rack. —Funny Folks.

A VENERABLE JOURNAL.

It is announced that lately a St. Petersburg journal celebrated the 150th anniversary of its existence by giving a dinner "to the representatives of every walk of life in St. Petersburg." Now the representatives of some walks of life in St. Petersburg are awfully awful people, and 150 years ago there were not more than half-a-dozen Russians who could read. The whole "Jubilee," as it is called, looks like a crammer. Jubileeev it? —Fun.

SI MONUMENTUM QUÆRIS—YOU MUST WAIT FIVE-AND-TWENTY YEARS.

The Wellington Monument is actually completed, and the Iron Duke has only been dead five-and-twenty years. Come, come, we are improving, and if we go on at this rate we shall get the new Law Courts done this century after all. It is true, now it is done, the St. Paul's Monument has been crammed into a corner utterly unsuited for it, and that it has a superstructure made originally to support an equestrian figure, but now supporting nothing in the most inanely massive way. They say the Dean and Chapter tabooed this equestrian figure. It was Pagan, they thought, to let a horse be placed in St. Paul's!

Aversion to the horse is not confined to Deans and Chapters—it is shared by other and equally obstinate animals. All that remains now is the laying of the pavement, which will probably be effected in another decade; but until it is there will be no solid basis for founding a complaint on. —Funny Folks.

STATISTICS.

FOREIGN WHEAT, CATTLE, AND SHEEP.—It may be interesting to note that Russia, notwithstanding the war, last year sent us 10,838,000 cwt. of wheat, the value being £6,630,616. The main support of this country, however, was the United States, which from the Atlantic and Pacific ports shipped 21,308,667 cwt., the cost of which to the British consumer was £13,535,244. British India, in spite of the famine, exported 6,104,940 cwt., for which the United Kingdom returned in money £3,574,106. Germany sent 5,455,763 cwt., valued at £3,593,467; Egypt, 2,447,709 cwt., valued at £1,322,917, and Turkey (including Moldavia and Wallachia), strange to say, exported more than she did in 1876—viz., 1,253,018 cwt., as against 1,238,851 cwt., receiving from us this year £705,043. British North America sent 2,912,178 cwt., at a cost of £1,899,451. France, Denmark, Chili, and "other" countries supplied the remainder to make up the £33,820,084 which was our expenditure upon wheat alone. Foreign wheat last year cost 12s. 6d. per cwt., while in 1876 it was but 10s. 5d. Foreign oxen per head averaged last year £21 16s. 6d.; in 1876 £21 7s. Cows, £17 10s. per head compared with £18 14s. Sheep made £2 8s. 2d.; in the preceding year £2 2s.

GEMS.

BEAUTY may attract love at first, but remember, it cannot alone retain affection. It is the sterling qualities of the heart and mind that win in the long run.

It is indifferent in what condition we are if we are not in what we wish for.

HAPPY indeed are those whose intercourse with the world has not changed the tone of their feelings, or broken those musical chords of the heart whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender, and so touching, in the evening of their lives.

It is in the power of every man to preserve his probity; but no man living has it in his power to say that he can preserve his reputation, while there are so many evil tongues in the world ready to blast the fairest character, and so many open ears ready to receive their reports.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE EYE.

Of deepest interest is the human eye! To me each glance is full of mystery! I love to watch its changing moods, and tell

The thoughts that lurk within the heart's deep cell!

There is a meaning in a sudden gaze That oft belies the tongue. The oily ways

Of speech are baffled by a flashing look From eyes more true than word, or act, or book.

Sometimes I've watched young children at their play,

And heard their roguish laughter roll away

On sounding echoes, but the shout of glee

Was never needed to impress on me The fact that they were happy. Danc- ing eyes

Of blue, and brown, and hazel, sage and wise

And mischief loving, satisfied me quite That each young heart was full of pure delight.

I passed a maiden fair upon the street, Her eyes, sad, mournful black ones, turned to meet

My own, while such a rush of untold grief

Flashed from their depths, that "no relief"

Seemed moaned out mockingly upon the air

By unknown voices, while such fell de- spair

Brooded beneath each lid, that with a start

I cried, "She dies soon of a broken heart!"

From a strange window once I chanced to see

Two great wild eyes bent threat'ningly on me;

It needed but that long, unmeaning stare

To tell that some poor maniac was there.

And when a shrill and frenzied laugh rang out

Upon the wind, followed by scream and shout,

No act the truth more plainly could un- fold

Than that one glare from his wild eyes had told.

Eyes, by a language all their own re- veal

Inworkings which the speech would fain conceal;

Malicious thoughts leave an impression there,

Thrust forth by stealthy glance or moody stare.

Hate, too, is visible, and bright the fire Fed by sharp glances filled with bitter ire:

The flash of wrath, the look of wild affright,

Of cool contempt and scorn and biting spite.

Just so sweet love is painted on the eye,

And buoyant hope and gentle charity, While mourning ones are often cheered and blest

When sympathetic looks upon them rest.

If such the magic of the human eye, If such the truths revealed to passers by.

See that the heart from which all thoughts arise,

Be right and holy that it teach the eyes.

E. T.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

CAKES.—Wonders.—Cut up one-half pound fresh butter into one pound sifted flour, and rub them well together with your hands. Mix in three-quarters pound of white sugar, and a large teaspoonful of cinnamon. Add a glass of good white wine, and a glass of rose water. Beat six eggs very light, and mix them gradually with the above ingredients, so as to form a dough. If soft, add by degrees a little more flour. Roll out the dough into a thick sheet, and cut it into long strips with a jagging-iron. Then form each strip into the figure eight. Have ready over the fire a pot of boiling lard. Throw the cakes into it, a few at a time, and let them cook till they are well browned all over. Then take them out with a perforated skimmer, draining back into the pot the lard that is about them. Lay on a dish, the bottom of which is strewn with powdered sugar. They will keep a week, but, like most other cakes, are best the day they are baked.

WILD ROSE FRUIT.—The French have a mode of preparing the fruit of the dog-rose as a confection for dessert and as a table sauce. The bristly interior hairs and seeds have to be carefully removed, and the pulp has to be steeped in warm water or a little white wine for three days, until it is quite softened, when it requires bruising in a marble mortar with a wooden pestle and straining through very fine muslin or close hair sieve. The sweetish, acidulous taste found in the pulp is said to depend on citric and malic acids.

RISsoles OF MUTTON.—Make a short paste with half a pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of butter, a pinch of salt, one whole egg, and two yolks, mix all into a paste, roll it out to the thickness of a penny piece; place the mince at equal distances, say an inch and a half; egg lightly, cover with paste of a similar thickness, press the paste around each piece of mince, and cut it out with a crimped cutter. Egg each rissole, and pass it in breadcrumbs; fry in hot lard, and serve on mashed potato.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HUMMING birds are actually worn on shoes now! Gold heels are the fashion, and lace, flowers, and precious stones used for ornamenting them. Gold and silver gilt gloves are also fashionable. Is it the golden age, or the age of gilding? The age of brass or of electro-plate more likely.

It is reported that the Khedive has granted to a Dutch Company the right of draining Lake Mareotis, and utilising the land reclaimed. The area of this sheet of water is 75,000 acres—so that land capable of supporting at least 15,000 families will, in course of time, be brought into cultivation.

It is constantly declared that, in France, wine-drinking prevents drunkenness. And yet, to so great a magnitude has this evil grown in that country, that Government has passed a law, that everyone condemned twice by the police for the crime of open drunkenness shall be deprived of the right to vote, of elective eligibility, and of being named for the jury or any public office. A similar law in this country would exclude a vast army of incompetent voters from the polls, and give us better men in thousands of responsible positions.

PROPOSED DOG SHOW AT MARGATE.—A numerous meeting of the principal inhabitants was held at the White Hart Hotel, Margate, when it was unanimously resolved that instead of the annual poultry show, which was in 1877 an unlimited success, a dog show open to Kent, Surrey, and Sussex should be held there about the first week in March, and the balance remaining over from the poultry show was ordered to be applied to this purpose. The Margate Hall-by-the-Sea is one of the best buildings in England for such a purpose.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EXCELLENCE.—The marriage would be perfectly legal.
MURIEL.—Communicate with Miss Rye, Avenue House, Peckham, S. E.

MARY JANE.—If your husband died without having made a will you would be entitled to one-third of the property and the children would share the rest equally.
DERRY.—If you are as eligible as you appear to be in earnest and honourable the parents of the young lady would probably entertain no objection to the engagement save on the score of youth, but of course this objection would grow weaker as time went on. A clandestine acquaintance is manifestly improper. Secure the parents' consent if possible, but in any case each of you can afford to wait a few years. Meanwhile set about preparing a home.

M. J.—The knife on the right side and the fork on the left—a glass on the right, bread on the left. A refuse plate is not necessary.

JAMES S.—When the moon is eclipsed it is owing to the opaque body of the earth preventing the rays of the sun from reaching the moon. So also when the sun is eclipsed it is the opaque body of the moon which hides the sun, or a portion of it, from the earth. In the former case, the earth is passing between the moon and the sun; in the latter, the moon is passing between the sun and the earth. A solar eclipse takes place when the moon is new; a lunar, when she is full.

LAURIE.—Lindley, Catherine Street, Strand, or you can make a selection for yourself from amongst the list of advertisement agents in the Directory.

LITTLE PET.—You must be the best judge in such a matter. We could not advise you to marry a man whom you do not love but whose affection you might reciprocate in time, nor could we counsel you to refuse him emphatically because you are not now in love with him—or indeed with any other man. As you are young and heart-whole suppose you wait a little longer and see what time and circumstances will do for you?

L. M. M.—The phrase is perfectly correct. A certain body of water is called a river—that being so, why should it be incorrect to say that "the river" is rising?

B. R. P. will find in Nos. 772 and 720 of THE LONDON READER full and exhaustive accounts of the "origin of St. Valentine's Day," with much interesting information concerning the time-honoured custom of sending valentines.

B. R.—Declined with thanks.

SARAH G.—We do not understand your question. Have you only one hand, or do you desire to keep on working with one while using a knife and fork with the other? Again: if you can use your right hand when working or writing why can you not use it when holding knife and fork, or do you wish to use both of those implements at the same time in one hand?

M. E. B.'s lines are too faulty for insertion.

JULIA E.—Handwriting might be improved considerably with practice. To remove rust from fire-irons apply a mixture of tripoli with half its quantity of sulphur intimately mingled and laid on with a piece of soft leather. There are several ways of making ginger-beer, but one of the best is as follows: Take of loaf sugar five pounds, lemon-juice one gill, honey quarter of a pound, bruised ginger six ounces, water five gallons. Boil the ginger in three quarts of the water for half an hour, then add the sugar, the lemon juice, and the honey with the remainder of the water and strain through a cloth. When cold add the white of an egg and two drachms of essence of lemon. Let this stand for three or four days, then bottle it.

W. M.—Withernam was the name of a locality well known in those days. To your other query—yes, if they are accepted.

SAM.—The bridge over the Niagara which connects the railways of Canada and New York has been opened for the last twenty-two years. It is a suspension bridge of a single span. The width of the span is eight hundred feet.

ROSIE.—You are liable, and should pay. The goods cannot be taken until he obtains judgment, and before that is recorded against you you will be served with a summons.

F. S.—There is no remedy. The marks will last as long as life.

L. W.—Take open-air exercise in the early morning; be careful also that your diet is simple and taken regularly.

ADELINA and ETHEL, two friends, would like to correspond with two young gentlemen with a view to matrimony. Adeline is twenty-two, hazel eyes, fond of music, fair, thoroughly domesticated. Ethel is twenty-one, light hair, blue eyes, medium height, good-tempered, and loving.

ROVER and FIGURE HEAD, two seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with two young ladies. Rover is twenty-three, light hair, blue eyes. Figure Head is twenty-four, dark hair, brown eyes. Both are fond of home, and loving. Respondents must be about twenty-two.

FANFARE and ISALIA, two friends, would like to correspond with two young gentlemen. Fanfare is twenty-two, fond of home and music. Isalia is eighteen, fond of home.

TRESSY and CLARA (sisters) would like to correspond with two young gentlemen. Tressy is nineteen, tall, dark hair, blue eyes. Clara is seventeen, medium height, dark hair and eyes. Respondents must be between nineteen and twenty-two.

CHINAMAN, nineteen, medium height, fair, curly hair, blue eyes, wishes to correspond with a fair young lady, fond of home.

G. S. and A. C., two friends, would like to correspond with two ladies. G. S. is twenty-two, tall, hazel eyes, fond of home. A. C. is twenty-three, medium height, fair, blue eyes, good-looking.

HOMELY EMILY would like to correspond with a young gentleman about twenty-eight. She is twenty-five, brown hair, of a loving disposition, thoroughly domesticated, fond of home.

BEATRICE and MAUD, two friends, would like to correspond with two young gentlemen. Beatrice is twenty-three, medium height, fond of home. Maud is twenty-one, fair, loving.

MILDRED and FANNY B., two friends, would like to correspond with two young gentlemen. Mildred is nineteen, tall, brown hair, hazel eyes, of a loving disposition. Fanny B. is seventeen, tall, brown hair, dark grey eyes. Respondents must be between eighteen and twenty-three.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Look on the bright side—it is the right side,
'Tis sunshine, not cloud, that gives life to the flower.

And there always is near us some change that will cheer us,
And guide to the shelter of some pleasant bower.

You have troubles, it may be, and obstacles
So have others, but such bestow sinew and bone;

Let the battle be fought and don't give a thought
To the perils surrounding till the battle is done.

The night has an ending, and 'tis Heaven's
Sounding;

The lake has a turning—broad day is beyond;
The dewdrops bright glisten, and if you but listen

The song of the birds bid you never despond.
J. A. W.

HILDA and LILIAN (sisters) would like to correspond with two young gentlemen. Hilda is twenty-two, light hair, dark eyes, tall. Lilian is twenty, medium height, dark hair and eyes, thoroughly domesticated, good-looking.

JAMES K., a seaman in the Royal Navy, nineteen, tall, fond of home and children, would like to correspond with a young lady about eighteen, tall, with a view to matrimony.

L. G. and E. L., two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies. L. G. is nineteen, tall, light hair, blue eyes. E. L. is twenty, dark hair, medium height, fond of home, tall.

AMELIA and EMILY, two friends, would like to correspond with two young gentlemen with a view to matrimony. Amelia is nineteen, medium height, dark hair and eyes, of a loving disposition, and fond of home. Emily is fair, light brown hair, blue eyes, fond of music. Must be tall, dark.

RUM, GADGET, and TOBACCO, three sailors in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with three young ladies. Rum is twenty-two, brown hair, blue eyes. Gadget is twenty, dark hair, hazel eyes, good-looking, fond of children. Tobacco is twenty-five, of a loving disposition, fond of dancing.

EDITH and ETHEL (sisters) would like to correspond with two young men. Edith is twenty-six, dark, fond of music, domesticated. Ethel is eighteen, tall, fond of dancing.

CHARLIE, a seaman in the Royal Navy, twenty, brown hair, blue eyes, fond of home and music, good-looking, wishes to correspond with a young lady. Must be about twenty.

TOMMY TUCKER, a seaman in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with a young lady with a view to matrimony. He is of medium height, fond of home and children.

TED and GEORGE, two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies. Ted is twenty-three, medium height, light hair and eyes. George is twenty-four, dark hair and eyes, good-looking, medium height, good-tempered.

AMATUS, thirty-five, dark, of a loving disposition, would like to correspond with a Roman Catholic lady with a view to matrimony.

JAMES P. D. and WILLIAM F., two friends, wish to correspond with two ladies. James P. D. is twenty-six, dark hair, grey eyes, good-looking, fond of home and children. William F. is of a loving disposition, fair hair, blue eyes.

BUTTON STICK, BUTTON BRUSH, and CHALK, three seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with three young ladies with a view to matrimony. Button Stick is twenty-two, fair, brown eyes, fond of home. Button Brush is twenty-two, light brown hair, blue eyes. Chalk is twenty, dark hair and eyes. All are good-looking.

T. L. W., twenty-eight, dark brown hair, hazel eyes, would like to correspond with a lady with a view to matrimony. Respondents must be fond of home and of loving dispositions.

DAISY and HETTIE, two friends, wish to correspond with two young gentlemen. Daisy is nineteen, loving, dark. Hettie is eighteen, medium height, light hair, dark eyes.

JACK HARKAWAY and FLYING FISH, two seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with two young ladies. Jack Harkaway is twenty-two, dark hair, blue eyes, fond of dancing. Flying Fish is twenty-two, light hair, blue eyes, loving.

JESSY and MARY, two friends, would like to correspond with two young men. Jessy is twenty-one, brown hair, grey eyes, tall. Mary is twenty-two, tall, fair, fond of music.

STRIK, nineteen, would like to correspond with a young man about twenty-two, dark.

TOM, BOB, and JOE, three friends, would like to correspond with three young ladies with a view to matrimony. Tom is twenty-four, medium height, auburn hair, brown eyes, good-looking, fair, fond of music. Bob is twenty, of a loving disposition, tall, dark hair, blue eyes, medium height, handsome. Joe is twenty-one, medium height, good-looking, fair, of a loving disposition, brown hair and eyes, and fond of dancing. Respondents must be between eighteen and twenty-three, thoroughly domesticated, good-looking, medium height, golden hair, dark eyes.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

L. L. is responded to by—Ethel, tall.
T. B. by—Edith, nineteen, medium height, dark, good-looking.

D. T. by—Rose, fair.
C. D. by—Ada, medium height, grey eyes, and fond of home.

G. E. by—Nelly, twenty-five, medium height, fond of home.

ADOLPHUS by—Annie, eighteen, medium height, fair, blue eyes.

CHRIS by—Christabel, twenty, brown hair and eyes, fond of home and children.

LONG TOM by—Alice, nineteen, medium height, dark brown hair, blue eyes.

LONGER TOM by—Kate, twenty, tall, golden hair, blue eyes.

LONGEST TOM by—Nellie, twenty-one, medium height, dark brown hair and eyes.

CHRIS by—Emily, twenty.

ANDY by—Annie, eighteen, dark.

GERTRUDE by—Frank S.
Dor by—J. C., brown hair, blue eyes, fond of home and children.

Sis by—H. F., fond of home and children, brown hair, blue eyes.

NELL by—H. G. B., twenty-one, dark hair, considered good-looking.

KATE by—Furser's Dip.
SARAH by—Beef Block.

G. C. by—Beauty, of a loving disposition, and fond of home.

L. Y. by—Bert, good-tempered, of a loving disposition.

JAMES R. by—Kate A., seventeen, tall, brown hair, blue eyes.

N. by—Edna E., nineteen, of medium height, and dark.

D. G. by—Maud De F., eighteen, domesticated, fond of home and children.

L. D. by—Alpha, of a loving disposition, tall, rather dark.

TED by—Blanche, twenty, good-looking, brown hair and grey eyes.

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London: Published for the Proprietors at 334, Strand, by A. SMITH & Co.